THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVIII. *Philadelphia, November 23, 1839.* *Whole No. 956.*

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE HOUSE WHERE MY MOTHER WAS BORN.

I have stood near the spot, on its walls I have gaz'd,
As the sun kiss'd the dew drops of morn;
And have thought, as the orb on its ancient form blaz'd,
'Tis the spot where my mother was born.

I have gaz'd at each mound of green moss on its roof,
By the storms of a century worn;
And have wonder'd and ask'd, as I stood thus aloof,
Were they there, when my mother was born?

Or wert thou, old roof, 'neath which the child lay,
Protecting its couch from the storm;
Quite new at the time, and free from decay,
And wert thou more comely in form?

Each rain furrow'd casement, each crumbling cave
Was [illegible], though my heart could but mourn
That time could not spare thee, nor storm grant reprieve,
Thou lov'd spot where my mother was born.

The grass round the mansion, each flutt'ring leaf,
The wren whistling shrill from the thorn;
Can not now attract, for your lives are but brief,
Ye were not—when my mother was born.

That vine-covered window, where flowerets spring,
Which reflects not the bright rays of morn;
Not the rose, for though sweet, 'tis a juvenile thing,
But the room, was it where she was born?

Or that [illegible] old elm, whose broad branches swing,
Kissing casement and roof at each sweep;
Was it there, and did birds on its waving boughs sing,
And lull the young infant to sleep?

Was it rising at the time, was it quite a young tree?
Behold its expansiveness now!
And my mother, 'tis but a fit emblem of thee,
For few more loved branches than thou.

Bless'd, bless'd be the state, where *Jerusalem's King*
Saw the light, though a lowly [illegible];
And next, the old time-honor'd mansion I sing,
Neath whose roof my lov'd mother was born. W. R.

From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

BREAKING ONE'S HEART.

A CHIT-CHAT AT THE COUNTRY SEAT OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"Put up the window, Jim,—bring in a meerschaum for this gentleman, and another for myself. Egad, sir, but is n't it hot? I've almost turned Turk since these dog-days began, and do nothing but smoke, and drink iced sherbet—do make yourself at home—hope you had a fine voyage up the Hudson—is n't it a glorious river?—as I heard a German exile say it equalled the Rhine, and wanted—thank God!—its robber-castles. Your health, sir—another for the old river, and let it be a bumper!"

"Thank you, Jeremy—you are too kind—but is n't this country air delicious?—what a fine prospect too from the window!—glorious woods there, rich corn fields, every thing flourishing—and as I live, if there ain't two sweet little cherubs playing on the lawn—ah! but you're a happy man—you live like a prince!"

"Nonsense, don't talk of it, my dear sir,—there's nothing to boast of, except the children—you have n't any? But you're married? Egad, sir, I thought not,—you do n't look quietly happy enough to be so. But as you were saying there are some fine points in the landscape. That rolling hill; this gentle slope; the stream glittering along the valley; that dark, majestic wood, away down there the Highlands like eternal sentinels watching over the Hudson; and yonder, just in a line with that sloop, the blue summits of the Catskill rising like thunder clouds in the west. I thank God, sir, I live here! But talking of the Catskill reminds me of a story—a love story too, and one proving my theory that woman's heart will break for love.—But sit down, sir, and we'll take it easy, for while I narrate, you shall listen; and egad, sir, we'll both smoke to fill up the pauses.

Harry Livingston—did you know him?—was the choicest chap I ever saw. He was younger by many years than myself, and as gay and merry a collegian as ever tricked the professors, wrote poetry instead of Greek, and then—the lucky dog!—carried off the honors in spite of [illegible] and the faculty. Ah! but he was a rare genius. How too he could converse! Such a mad-cap scoundrel never whispered away a girl's heart as this same young attorney; and I do believe he—he was twenty-three he had had more love scrapes, and got out of 'em honorably too, than any youngster of his age I ever knew. He was poor, sir,—with a patrimony of nothing but blood and wit,—and so as he could n't afford to get married, he used to flirt about among the girls, flitting from flower to flower, and staying just long enough to get the spice of your love making, and then off again. I do n't say it was exactly right—many a heart has been broken that way,—but at any rate it was exciting!

Well, there was one sweet creature he had known for years, for they had been children together, and when both grew up it came natural for them to fall in love. Every body vowed it would be a match. I remember her when she was just eighteen—and she was worthy of a monarch's affection! Her form was faultless as the Parian's, with just fulness enough to be exquisitely rounded. Her face was not exactly classic—but ah! such an expression!—and then her soft, deep blue eyes, that looked love at every glance. Egad, sir, this blue is the color to do the work—black may be queenly,—hazel may come over one at times,—but when the deep, blue eye of some sweet little fairy, looks full into your own, you might as well give up the war at once.

I have said Livingston was something of a male coquette, and though he was certainly attentive to sweet Alice Leslie for a while,—and though they used to sing duetts together, or sit chatting alone when the old folks were out, or take many a long and solitary walk at moonlight,—and though it ever be loved it was then, yet somehow or other it fell out at last that he began to visit her less frequently, and finally—the hard-hearted rascal—he nearly ceased altogether. It may be he knew he was too poor to marry, and that his pride forbad him to wed one richer than himself—and it may be that he feared if he continued the intimacy, his heart would be lost without avail—but so it was he dropped gradually off, became attentive in other places, was the gayest gallant at your balls, and seemed altogether to have forgotten that such a fair creature as Alice Leslie lived, or that he had spent so many happy hours at her side. At last his visits ceased altogether. It was now summer, and they had not met since Christmas. Of course Alice never alluded to him,—if she had loved, she let it prey silently upon her heart, but I do n't know how it was—though she was gayer and wilder than ever—the bloom grew fainter on her cheek, and she seemed like a withered flower slowly fading away. The doctors shook their heads, and feared she was going into a consumption. Ah! sir, how many hearts are broken, and we blame to charge our loss to that fell disease. I am a believer in a broken heart. There is a blight sometimes comes over the young and tender mind; a cold, deadly, mysterious feeling, drying up the very springs of life; a mourning over an unrequitted love, which sends its victims slowly, and almost imperceptibly to the tomb. Like a bud nipped by an early frost, she droops silently away and no one knows the secret of her decline. A virtuous heart never betrays its disappointment. It almost shrinks from acknowledging it to itself. It wraps itself in the mantle of its sorrow, and alone, and unpitied, weeps over the ruin of its hopes, withering day by day away, while the cheek pales and the eye grows unnaturally bright, until at last death steals in upon the sufferer, and the broken heart passes to that land "where the weary are at rest." It is generally a little cold, caught by some slight carelessness, that begins the work; for those, sir, who are thus deserted, lose all interest in the things of life. As the lily hangs its head and dies when forsaken by the waters it hath leaned upon, so the heart of a delicate woman, when once it is betrayed, turns from all solace and pines tremendously away. But do n't mind me, sir,—I'm afraid my eyes are getting old and watery—I'll take a tumbler to strengthen them, and then get on with my story.

Well, sir, as a last resort,—poor thing!—she was ordered to travel. It happened that Harry having been loitering at Lake George, and drinking water and nonsense together at Saratoga, had just landed at the Catskill village in order to ascend the mountain, when who should come up the river for the same purpose but Alice Leslie and her father. Livingston started, bowed, and his heart smote him when he saw the paleness of the sweet girl—the more startling from the faint blush that dyed her marble brow as she returned his salutation. By one of fortune's freaks they were both thrown together into the same carriage. Rallying all his faculties he soon became the life of the company. It is a dangerous thing to be placed as he was with one you have loved. It touches every chord of the heart, and needs no little tact to disguise your emotion. But what was there that mad cap Harry Livingston could not do!

Have you ever ascended to the mountain house? No! Egad, sir, do it to-morrow as you are a Christian. The country does not afford a finer sight. Hill and valley roll around you, and the roads wind along precipices hundreds of feet sheer down—while the tops of the tall pines below wave on a level with the carriage window. Here a rill goes babbling and purling across the road, and then murmurs hoarsely, like a storm amid the forest boughs, as it leaps and tumbles down the steep. Away off the clouds are sailing round the mountain, or hitching from peak to peak across the valley. It was a sight to make the dumb speak, and they all fell into a joyous mood. But Alice did not join in it, and only answered in monosyllables, though oh! how mildly, to the questions addressed to her. Harry, however, did his best, and the whole coach was in a roar with his wit. But directly a thunder storm arose, and for a while all gazed silently upon it. At first the whole sky was a pitchy hue, and the dark brow of the mountain was wrapped in an inky shroud, from which at intervals the lurid lightnings zig-zagged, followed by the hoarse thunder, crashing, rolling, and echoing among the hills. Down in the valley, where the storm had not reached, the yellow corn-fields were smiling in the sun;—the brightness of the landscape below contrasting strongly with the dark and sullen character of the massy clouds above. For awhile, as I said, all was silent, but as the rain began to pour down in torrents, it beat into the stage, and numerous exclamations of discomfort arose from the passengers. The seat of Alice was particularly exposed, and several at once offered to exchange with her. But the only fit one was that which Harry occupied, and after much solicitation she consented to accept it. When they all came to be seated again, by a singular chance, sir, Harry found the only vacant seat was one beside her, and I need not tell a man like you that it sent a thrill, like an electric shiver, through every nerve of his frame. As he sat down the eyes of Alice, for an instant, met his own, and where then quickly cast down; but that glance touched him to the heart, for he noticed how wan and ethereal like she had grown. If ever he had loved Alice all his old feelings returned upon him then. There is nothing like meek suffering to touch the heart. His gayety was gone at once.

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie—but had n't you better put on a shawl!—the air is growing chill," and then in a lower tone, full of feeling, he added, "and you look unwell."

"Thank you!" scarcely faltered the sweet girl, for the tone in which he spoke reminded her of other days, and it was as much as she could do to prevent her full heart from finding vent in tears. Harry noticed that her voice quivered, and that when he delicately placed the shawl upon her shoulders she could scarcely keep from trembling. But discerning as he thought himself he little suspected the cause.

Well, sir,—but let me fill your glass—the storm soon swept below, and while the top of the Catskill was gilded with the sunlight, the dark clouds hung like a gauze veil around the body of the mountain. Down in the valley it was still raining, and the sunbeams glinting through, made every drop sparkle again, until it seemed as if a million of diamonds were falling flashing from the sky. It was indeed magnificent.

Meanwhile the rain had left the roads so slippery that it was with great difficulty they could proceed. The old gentlemen, however, made the most of it, grew lively as young bloods, and after awhile one of them asked Alice to sing. Ah! you may well laugh,—but there's nothing like such scrapes to make men sociable, and as night set in, and the stars—the old rascals—began to wink through the flying scud as if they were drunk, the gentlemen became perfectly unmanageable. Old Leslie was as bright as any—but still Alice refused. She felt, poor girl, but little like the gay company, and it was only when Harry joined in the request, and she feared if she still declined he might suspect the truth, that she consented. It was, sir, one of those old Scotch songs that will live forever. At first her voice was low! how exquisitely sweet—then it became louder, and swelled out like the rich music of an angel, gushing forth in its own immortal harmony. The listeners were spell-bound. Harry had often heard her sing it in other days, and it came over him like a strain of early childhood. Leaning his head on his hand he was lost in thought. That song had touched a long silent chord in his bosom, and though he had bent at the shrine of many a beauty since last he saw Alice, he felt at once that he had never truly loved but her. Ah! sir, there are feelings that lie dormant for years, and which we almost forget we have,—but which at last a word, a look, or a tone will awaken, and we are at once well nigh unmanned, under the flood of old memories that rush in upon us. Just as she ceased they stopped at the mountain house, and as they stepped out and the lights fell an instant on Alice's face, he noticed that her eyes were wet with tears. Alas! she had never been used to weep at it in other days. For an instant a suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind—but bold as he was, he was n't quite so vain as that.

I have said that the moon—but let me ring for some more sherbet—burst out in all her silvery beauty. Harry rambled out alone, but he could not forget the pale face of the once merry Alice, and soon returning from his solitary walk, who should he see as he reached the piazza, but Miss Leslie, standing by a column and gazing out upon the moonlight. As if by some mysterious influence Livingston approached her. She did not seem aware of his presence, and for a moment he stood silent beside her. It was a glorious night. The moon was sailing through the cloudless blue above, flooding hill, stream, and valley beneath, in her liquid light. Before them the mountain, sloping almost perpendicularly down, disclosed the valley of the Hudson, nearly three thousand feet below, stretching for miles along the river, and spotted with farms and woodlands, that looked like grass-plats in a garden—while the lordly river, dwindled in the distance to a streamlet, slept a dozen miles away beneath its gauze-like canopy of mist,—and beyond the hills and highlands of three states melted into the dim obscurity of the horizon. Over the whole of this nearly boundless landscape a shadowy haze hung, such as might have floated over the dreamy land of the Eld. If ever I could believe in fairies it would be at such a time and place. A dim, mysterious air breathed around the whole, and the mind catching the influence, became insensibly softened and subdued. Livingston felt the power of the scene, and involuntarily exclaimed,

"Is it not beautiful?"

"Mr. Livingston!" ejaculated the startled girl, hesitating a moment, and then moving toward the door as she added, "I—I—did not—know you were nigh."

"Has Miss Leslie so completely forgotten an old friend?" he said, detaining her, "that she treats him as a stranger?"

"I—was startled," answered Alice, "but, perhaps," she continued evasively, scarce knowing whether to stay or not, yet at last determining to remain and assume as indifferent a manner as if her companion was but a common acquaintance, "Mr. Livingston is fonder of gazing on such a scene alone."

An awkward pause ensued. Livingston felt how embarrassing it is to be left alone with one you have loved, and yet dare no longer speak to in your old way. A strange feeling came over him—he scarcely knew what he said.

"How much that song reminded me of other times!" he said abruptly.

"I thought Mr. Livingston had long forgotten them," said Alice, half coldly and half reproachfully.

"Not forgotten—say any thing rather than that," involuntarily ejaculated Harry—for the wisest of us often at such moments is thrown off our guard.

"There is an old German fairy song you used to sing—Miss Leslie—that might have been inspired by such a dreamy landscape as this," he continued, recollecting himself, "may I presume to ask for it?"

It would have accorded with Alice's assumed indifference to have at once and, as if carelessly complied—but she had so often sang it in other days for him, that it woke too many old and tender memories in her bosom, and she feared it might lead her into an emotion that would reveal what she would die rather than betray. The exclamation, too, he had just uttered, and more than all its apparent fervor went to her heart, and dissipated all her resolutions to seem reserved and cold. She could not sing—she begged to be excused.

"Miss Leslie has surely not forgotten it," said Harry, "is it that," "but perhaps there are others—" he paused, not knowing how to end.

"Indeed I cannot sing to-night," said Alice, dropping her eyes, "some other time if you please," and the low, touching voice said more than her words.

"You don't seem well," said Harry, looking feelingly into her face, "have you been long so?"

"Not very," she scarcely gasped—for the tone in which he spoke, and his calling her by her name as of old, was too much for her overcharged mind.

"I hope you have not been very ill—strange that I never heard of it," said Livingston, musingly.

"It is only a cold—that has staid longer than common," answered she with difficulty, in her soft, musical voice.

"Alice!" said Harry, after a moment's pause, "there is something grieves you—let me claim the privilege of an old friend, to inquire what it is. I know it is unusual for our [illegible] to speak thus, but we were brought up from childhood together, and I feel there is something preying on your mind that causes your illness. You are paler, thinner, sadder than you used to be, and even your voice is mellowed down to an almost ethereal softness—what is the matter, Alice?"

Perhaps, at another time, mindful of his conduct the proud beauty would have repelled his questions with indignity, and walked silently away—but now she felt a mysterious influence chaining her to the spot, like the weird power which our olden fathers tell us often fixes our doom.

The tone of interest too in which Livingston spoke, touched the tenderest chords of her bosom, and though she struggled to answer, the words choked in her throat. Little she thought did he suspect the cause of her illness, and oh!—she would have given worlds that he never should. Yet it was agony to bear him thus speak, when after all it was only the common interest of friendship. She knew he had forgotten her, and she had long made up her mind to forget him—why then were they thus thrown together to call up old times again, and open afresh the wound long months of suffering had scarcely healed? She turned away her head—for she could not endure it—and the thick, blinding tears welled one by one into her eyes, and dimmed her long, dark lashes.

"Alice!" said Harry, in a low voice.

She answered not,—and he thought he heard her sob.

"Alice!" said Harry, gently taking her unresisting hand, as a light flashed suddenly upon him, determining him at once to put his fate upon the cast of a die, "dear Alice!"—and he felt her hand tremble in his own like a leaf as he proceeded, "why have we been so long separated? God knows, I would coin my blood to save you a moment's sorrow, and though I have seen you so little of late, it was only because I dared not trifle with one I loved like you. You are a wealthy heiress—I am a penniless orphan, and I felt there was no hope for me in aspiring to the hand for which so many contended. Dare I even now hope?—you are weeping—Alice, my Alice," and while a gush of ecstacy, which we feel but once in our lives—and that is when for the first time we know ourselves to be beloved—he stole his arm around the waist of the trembling girl, and drew her gently, yet unresisting, and weeping as she was toward his bosom. It was a holy moment, and for awhile she sobbed as if her heart would break. What would not Harry have given to have spared her that second anguish! At last he whispered,

"Alice!—am I forgiven?"

There was no answer—but as the lovely girl raised her head from his bosom, her deep blue eyes looked at him timidly a moment through their tears, and then, as if afraid even of herself, she nestled her head again in his bosom. It needed nothing more. That look had told volumes. Ah! sir, there is nothing so delicious as the first moment of unrestrained confidence from one we love!

"And you will tell me, now, why you were ill?" whispered Harry, kissing away her tears, as he raised her head gently from his shoulder.

"Hush!—hush!—let us go into the house—they will miss us," whispered the beautiful girl, as her dark eyes fell to the ground, and she turned her head partially away. But even then Harry could see that she blushed from brow to bosom.

"And so her heart was not broken after all, Jeremy,—odds blood!—but I was afraid it would be at times—you almost made me cry, my old boy—but it told on the sherbet any how!"

"No, it was not broken—for from that night Alice grew better, and when, after some demurring from the old gentleman, they were at last married, she looked fairer and more beautiful than ever. Egad, sir, old as I was, I danced at her wedding, and it almost makes me go off in a *pirouette* to think of it. But here's to them—a bumper!—may you have, my young blade, as sweet a bride and as merry a wedding."

"Thank you!—with all my soul—but what said the doctors, Jeremy?"

"Oh! faith, sir, and that's the joke of it,—they set down a visit to the mountains, in their *materia medica*, as a sovereign cure for the first stages of consumption. Consumption—poor thing!—had n't they met as they did, it might have numbered sweet little Alice among its victims; and no one but herself would have known that her heart was broken. It came pretty nigh as it was—though she ought to have broken her husband's for it after they were married—the scamp. Ah! sir, your health—I must take a tumbler after that. J. S.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE IMPROVISATORE.

'Twas an Italian eve—the sunset sky
Had melted to the sapphire's purest dye,
And through the vast expanse the moon unveil'd
In queenly majesty and beauty sail'd:
The palace like a dome of snow appear'd
Or structure of the silvery clouds uprear'd,
And bath'd in radiance seem'd a spot too bright
For aught unholy or impure to blight.
In the calm bosom of the deep Lagoon,
With equal splendor, shone a second moon,
Or at a breath but tremble o'er the stream,
A shower of pearls across the surface gleam.
On either bank the massive foliage flung
Deep shadows, and its graceful branches hung
Low o'er the waters as with guardian care,
They seemed to hover o'er that streamlet fair.
Hark! through the silence steals a heavenly strain,
Soft as the tinkling of a summer's rain;
Sweet as though tones unearthly sung'd there,
Or Israfil,* the fragrant evening air
Was fanning with his music-breathing wing,
Such thrilling harmony melts from each string.
'Tis from the palace halls where midst a throng
Of proud and lovely forms a child of song,
An aged minstrel, friendless, poor and blind,
In musing rapture o'er his harp reclined,
And as his trembling hands the bright chords swept
The gifted minstrel bowed his head and wept.
Visions of happier hours his soul oppressed,
And a full tide of feeling swell'd his breast
Till with an eye and lip inspired, he sung;—
While silvery music from his harp strings rung:—

Mem'ry, sweet mem'ry lift up once more
Oblivion's veil that hath curtain'd o'er
With its massive folds, those sunny bowers,
Where now fling wreaths o'er my childhood's hours.
Again let those brilliant pageants pass
In bright review o'er the magic glass—
I gaze on each dear, familiar brow,
Their shadows thronging thy mirror now
In life like beauty—each blooming cheek,
And radiant eye so fond and meek,
Each bright young head with its clustering hair
And its happy smile is mingling there.
And the springs of love in my lonely breast
That have long lain chill'd in a dreary rest
Now fill my frame with a living glow,
Though mine eye be dim—my hair like snow.
Oh blessed and lovely and happy time!
The early hour of childhood's prime,
Now my weary spirit is winging back
To the flowers and founts of my morning track,
When the grief which rung the heart at night
Was chased by the wing of slumber light,
When round the red lip there played a smile
Though the eye might swim in tears the while.
And sunny gleams and sudden showers,
Made April climes in childhood's hours.
When never a thought of care or sorrow,
Rose with our visions of to-morrow,
To-day was bright and until it came,
We deem'd the future would be the same;
Alas, that we find each youthful dream
But a sinking fleet—a meteor gleam!
Yet beams there still a lingering spark
Our path to illume, however dark,
As o'er yet the dark cloud lowers
O'er earth's frail joys and fairy bowers,
The golden beams from beyond the tomb
Pierce brighter through the gathering gloom,
Still heavenward oh my spirit springs—
Though short its flight on its broken wings—
For there is treasured the hope and trust
That lives when the frame has returned to dust.—

The last, sweet, melancholy tones were hushed
And tears from radiant eyes now softly gushed
Young, happy hearts with heavenly pity stirred,
Proffered the minstrel many a kindly word
And gifts to soothe him on his weary way,
And cheer the lonely evening of his day;
Remembrance of each gentle look and smile,
Will long his saddened heart and way beguile,
And happier now, he, with his youthful guide,
Again departs upon his wanderings wide. ROSALIE.

* The Angel of Song—among the Persians.

From the Examiner and Western Monthly Review.

IOWA TERRITORY.

Its Present Condition and Prospective Increase.

BY JOHN PLUMBE, JR.

I greet the readers of the Examiner from distant Iowa—the almost unknown solitude of 1835, the rapidly advancing Territory of 1839, the vigorous State, as we may confidently assert, of 1841. I am a dweller in the Far West, as this lovely region is still called by the inhabitants of the Atlantic States; although to *locate* the term, the inquirer for the whereabouts of the Far West would, if seeking the information from an Iowa miner, be informed that it is somewhere in the vicinity of the Platte river, just under the sunset shadow of the Stony Mountains; while a good humored smile would reward his ignorance, if he assigned the locale of the words to the business-governing settlements of the young Territory.

In truth, if the term be applicable, as I so believe, to that portion of our national domain yet unsurveyed and free from man's agricultural dominion, the enquirer must not expect to find it here. We may not have among us the stately evidences of refined civilisation, nor yet can we lay claims to walls of brick and mortar venerable in their decay. We are too young for that; but we can boast a well-disposed and rapidly increasing population; settlements of yesterday, to day clamoring justly for city charters; a steadily increasing trade; an adequate internal commerce; wealth for all who pursue honest means for its acquisition; temples for justice, for religion, and, as the foundation of both, for education; the wrought dome of the capitol harmonising well with the ruder, yet equally pleasing, aspect of the school house. The signs of the times all point onward—the spirit of the age is shown to be progressive every where; but no where is the promise greater, the spirit of enterprise based upon safer grounds, or the signs of the future more auspicious than in Iowa. Some of my readers may be disposed to smile at this as being nothing more than the conned language of interest. Let them but come and examine for themselves, and we do not hesitate to affirm that a very brief residence among us will find them agreeing with us as to the advantages, present and prospective, of this Territory.—True, we are the youngest and least known section of the Republic, but the day is not far distant when the advantages of location and natural resources, distinguishing Iowa over the remaining territorial links of the Government, will place her in the list of the States, a not insignificant member of the Federal Union.

With the view to illustrate the position I have assumed so confidently in the above, and as not inappropriate to the scope of the Examiner, I have prepared, and here furnish, a few facts, concerning the advance of settlements in Iowa, and its natural advantages. In doing so, I shall confine myself to the matter, indifferent of all else except the *correctness* of the manner of its publication.

Iowa was detached from Wisconsin Territory in 1838, in July of which year it was organised into a separate Territorial Government. The population at that time was trifling, but the immigration since has quadrupled the amount.—Here, as in all new districts, the body of population forms in, and contiguous to, the river towns and Government posts, and here also, so soon as the larger settlements wax important as points for internal trade, the area of population will be extended, new towns located, agricultural districts filled up, and industry redeem from nature her distant demesne, to incorporate with it the advantages of business enterprise.

The climate is, all the world knows, salubrious and scarcely subject to the deleterious changes characterising the temperature of the States north and east. The reports of gentlemen engaged in the service of the United States Government all show that in respect to climate Iowa is a favored region; no less endowed in the rich wealth of its minerals than in the adaptation of its rivers to the wants of the country through which they flow. A reference to the map of the Territory shows that the country connected with us by streams capable of steamboat navigation, is of greater extent and more important in its trading operations than any other on the American continent. The difficulties now, or heretofore, retarding the progress of trade in this wide spread field for its successful operations, are rapidly disappearing. The most remote points are being assailed and forced to yield tribute, and the commerce of the Territory becoming every day more valuable, more permanent, and wide spread. This state of things is natural; the exports of Iowa increase as its population advances, its staples are becoming generally sought, the rich mines of Iowa have received the preference over the worn out veins of the States around her, so that her means for exporting being enlarged, the result must be a greater degree of imports large home capital, and, as its consequence, enlarged commercial facilities and improving and increasing manufacturing interests. But, equal in importance to the other resources of the country, is its fitness for agricultural purposes. The soil of Iowa is adapted to the growth of nearly every vegetable found in the Temperate regions.—The rich grain of the States, the vine of southern Europe, the fruits of the West Indies, and the mulberry readily warm to the soil and well repay the agriculturist for his toil. Already are the domestic staples attracting the attention of northern capitalists, and it has been ascertained that grain raised in Iowa may be shipped to the market depots of Ohio, and thence to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, at prices as moderate as the same staples now command and receive when of the growth of Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. This may seem a hardy assertion, but recent facts have proved its correctness, nor is it matter for wonder that it should be so. The agriculturists of the old States have latterly neglected the cultivation of the great farming products of the country, and lent their attention to matters promising more lucrative as well as immediate returns. The country has gone wild in the quest of a mania; one day the building up of cities where the wheat should be planted, and the next day planting multicaulis instead of corn. This state of things naturally opens a door to the importation of grain. There is not enough produced in the north for domestic consumption, and men engaged in the flour trade direct their attention to the Baltic. But while this injurious commerce is being engaged in, the territories of Iowa and Wisconsin push in their surplus, and compete to advantage with the European crop. We can furnish the commodity at lower rates than can the foreign trade; we can supply as good an article, and we find it to our advantage to receive in payment the manufactures of the east in return. Hence the advantage to the East. The wealth of the country remains at home; the business men find a new market for their goods, and the system of home protection is preserved. These are plain facts, plainly stated, and they deserve attention.

The rapid working out of these advantages has given to many of the settlements in Iowa an increase of population and business almost beyond parallel. We will instance a few of them, with a promise in so doing, that at some future day we will extend the subject for the perusal of the readers of the Examiner.

The country around Rock Island, is in our opinion, the most charming that ever the eye beheld. Here, nature has clearly intended that the Queen City of the Far West should be built. Rock Island is, of itself, one of the greatest natural beauties on the Mississippi. The "old Fort," not to speak of its military associations, is in truth, an object on which the eye delights to dwell. The large, enterprising, and flourishing town of Stephenson, on the opposite shore, adds greatly to the attractions of the scene; and Davenport, with its extended plains and sloping bluffs, completes one of the most splendid pictures that ever delighted the eye of man. Like all the interior of the Territory, the country here is rich, beautiful and productive. Sober and industrious farmers may flock in from all quarters, and find a rich reward for pleasant and moderate toil. The interior of the Territory is healthy, and every section of land admits of easy cultivation.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Star, and a gentleman of much taste, writing from Rock Island, says, "There are some bright spots in this rude world, which exceed our most sanguine expectations, and this is one. In the beauty of the surrounding scenery, both on the Upper Mississippi and the Crystal Rock, I have found imaged all the charms I had pictured in my youthful imagination, while reading a description of the Happy Valley in Rasselas, but which I never expected to see in the world of reality. The father of waters is a giant; even here, three hundred and fifty miles above St. Louis, it is estimated to be over a mile and a quarter wide, it is ten miles below Du Buque, and about five hundred miles below the head of navigation at the Falls of St. Anthony." He then speaks of "the enterprise of the vast number of emigrants of the first class, who are peopling this country," &c.

DU BUQUE.—Beautifully situated upon the bank of the Mississippi, directly opposite the south-west corner of Wisconsin, and commanding a most interesting view of Lake Peosta, which forms an excellent harbor for the upper part of the town, and of sufficient depth for steamboats of one thousand tons burthen, is the seat of Justice for Du Buque county. The inexhaustible mineral resources of the country surrounding this place, superadded to its paramount agricultural capacities and commercial facilities, render Du Buque decidedly the most important place in Iowa. Lead ore is found in abundance within the coporate limits of the town, and for many miles on every side of it; and yet, strange as it may appear, so extravagantly prodigal of her favors here to man has nature been, that the finest mines in the world are only concealed from view by a surface of soil as rich as the mineral it covers. Among the first lead ore (*Galena*) ever found upon the continent of North America, was that at Du Buque; and such was its purity and abundance, that the Indians became miners and smelters at an earlier day than we now have the means of determining. With no other tools than the horn of a buck or the antler of an elk, did these primitive artisans first excavate the mineral, and afterward, by means of furnaces of their own invention and construction, did they reduce it to its metallic state; and, it is said by some, that their process was as effective in extracting all the lead, as is that of their white successors at the present day—though ours, of course, is upon a much larger scale, and consequently more expeditious. This part of the country was formerly inhabited by the Renards, or Fox Indians. About the year 1786, Julien Du Buque, a Frenchman from Canada, came among them and succeeded in obtaining permission to work the mines, which, previously, they had discovered.

On the 22d day of September, 1788, a regular council of the Renards formally confirmed to him, whom they called "La Petite Nuite or the Little Night"—in writing, this permission; having particular reference to "the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta." In 1810 Du Buque died, and the curious traveller may find his grave, most romantically situated upon the summit of a bluff overhanging the placid bosom of the great "Father of Waters," crowned with shady oaks, and commanding a picturesque view of the town which now bears his name, and does honor to his memory. The spot is marked by a cedar cross, placed at the head of a stone tomb, which the careful hands of his Indian friends and faithful followers had originally covered with sheets of lead; but which the sacrilegious curiosity of successive visitors has now entirely removed.

The town of Du Buque, which in 1833 was Indian hunting ground, now contains its elegant cathedral, stone and wooden churches, its brick banking house, its theatre, court house, jail, land-office, surveyor general's office, towering warehouses, splendid stores, hotels, billiard rooms, spacious brick mansions, a large double steam saw mill, a printing establishment, employing some ten or twelve individuals, a lyceum, a temperance society, reading rooms, a museum, a post-office, with a tri weekly mail from the east, a semi-weekly mail from the south-west; besides a daily river mail when steam boats run. A classical school and a ladies' academy are here also to be found, in addition to a seminary incorporated by the Legislature at its last session. A splendid new court house, too, is to be built here this season, of brick; the materials for manufacturing which are found close to the town. Numerous stores and dwellings, of brick and frame, are also now being put up; giving to Du Buque, in addition to the many fine buildings hitherto erected, the appearance of an old settled place. Her business in export ing the production of the various lead furnaces in the surrounding neighborhood, is very considerable; to which has been added, this spring, large quantities of potatoes, whose superior quality renders them an article of high estimation in the St. Louis market.

Her imports consist of large supplies of every article of utility, comfort and luxury, that can be imagined; from a prairie plough to sardines and champagne.

All this, and more too, has been the work of less than six short years—a period insufficient to have obliterated from the streets, the footmarks of the recent red owners of the soil. It is needless to add, that any farther attempt at comment upon the unparalleled instances here afforded of the magical transition from barbarism to refined civilisation, which Iowa every where presents to the eye of the astonished beholder—would be superfluous in the extreme.

The Mining operations at Du Buque can only be considered as in their earliest stage of infancy. A rich field is, consequently, here presented for the introduction of capital and science; an idea of which may be formed from the knowledge of the fact, that some of the veins of ore, already worked, and only a few feet beneath the surface, have yielded at the rate of seventy-five dollars, or upward, per man, per day, for every hand engaged. No reasonable doubt can exist, that so soon as steam-engines are introduced, to enable the miners to penetrate the earth to the depth of a few hundred feet—the veins will be found of greatly increased magnitude and value. In addition to *lead*, many other valuable minerals will doubtless be discovered in the interesting region surrounding Du Buque.

On the Great Mequoquetois river, a few miles south of Du Buque, valuable specimens of *copper, tin, chrome, iron, gypsum,* and *porcelain clay* have been found; and are only waiting for the introduction of capital, to render them sources of vast profit to such as may have the sagacity to apply it in preparing these articles for market. The iron ore is so pure, that it is susceptible of being polished by the file, almost like a piece of fine casting. The supply of gypsum is believed to be inexhaustible, as is that of the porcelain clay; and the same remark would, in all probability, be true, if applied to the other minerals named; but as yet, their extent has not been ascertained. Great water power is afforded by the Maquoquetois, and some very remarkable caves, filled with singular petrifactions, are found near its banks, in Jackson county, not far from Belleview, the seat of justice thereof, and a thriving town, handsomely situated upon the Mississippi.

Du Buque is the residence of the Right Reverend Bishop of that see, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the territory, as well as that of many members of all the learned professions.

A finer agricultural country than that lying north and west of this place, the most fastidious farmer from the Delta of the Nile could scarcely be supposed to desire. Saw and grist mills are found in all directions; but, yet, many spots, as choice as any, are still open to the occupation of the immigrant. Emigrants, whose only knowledge of this region, has hitherto been derived from a superficial glance at a map of the United States, object to it on account of its apparent inaccessibility from the East, consequent, as they think, upon its remoteness from that quarter. But they forget, or are not aware, that a continuous line of steamboats now runs from Du Buque, via New Orleans and New York, to Liverpool and Bristol, to England; besides another from Du Buque to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where it connects with the great chain of rail-roads and canals across that State to the sea board.

The means afforded by these noble boats, of rapid and luxurious travelling, are such, that I shall not be at all surprised if parties of pleasure should, this summer, be seen at the Falls of St. Anthony, which will have come all the way from the city of London by steam. The excursion would occupy only from five to six weeks, and would be one of the most varied and interesting that could well be imagined.

In addition to the facilities of intercommunication with all parts of the world, afforded her by the steamboats of the Mississippi—whose arrivals average one every day—and whose splendid accommodations, many of them, rival, in magnificence and comfort, those of the Great Western, or the British Queen, Du Buque has other and important channels of intercourse in process of construction.

The United States are now engaged in making a road from Milwaukie, on Lake Michigan, to this place; toward which, an appropriation of ten thousand dollars has already been granted. It is confidently anticipated, that a regular line of mail stages will be enabled to run upon this road, during the present season.

Congress, at their last session, made another appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, toward the construction of a road from Racine, on Lake Michigan, to Sinipee, on the east side of the Mississippi, in Wisconsin—which will connect with the Milwaukie and Du Buque road, and from the latter place to be continued, diagonally, across the Territory of Iowa, to the Missouri State line.

A National Rail road, too, has already been commenced under the auspices of the general government, uniting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi, at or near Du Buque. An appropriation by Congress having been made for this purpose, the survey and location of this most interesting improvement have already been commenced, and are now rapidly progressing to completion, under the direction of the Secretary of War. The vast importance of this work, not only to Du Buque, and Sinipee—the point of termination on the opposite side of the Mississippi—but to the whole of Iowa, Wisconsin, and the country at large—is incalculably great.

Governments are unwieldly bodies, and hence are longer in taking advantage of any great improvement applicable to their purposes, than private individuals; and thus, sometimes, from unavoidable or unforeseen circumstances, the former are rendered tributary to the latter, to an extent, so great, as ultimately to amount to a serious national evil. The bane, however, carries with it its antidote, in furnishing a lesson for future use worth all its cost, however great. Rail-roads are a case in point. Our Government is now convinced by practical illustration, that, so far as economy is concerned, it would be justifiable in incurring the direct outlay of a sum sufficient to defray the cost of constructing, for its own benefit, rail-roads upon all the leading routes throughout the Union. But the powers with which it is vested by the constitution are not adequate to the adoption of this course, excepting where the general government still owns the right of soil, and sovereign jurisdiction. This is the case within the limits of the *Territories*; and an enlightened Congress has now entered upon a plan, whereby, ultimately, to secure to the United States, the *free* use, *forever*, of a "grand national rail road" from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean.—Had the entire action of Congress at its session of 1837-8, been limited to the one solitary measure alone, of authorising the commencement of this noble American enterprise, its memory would have been immortalised. The enhanced value of the public lands along the line of this projected work will repay the cost of its construction tenfold; thus leaving to the nation the *clear gain* of a *free* railway, unparalleled in extent, and forming, when completed, the greatest thoroughfare in the world.

Such are the incomparable advantages possessed by this means of intercourse, over any other yet known—or that probably ever will be—and so great the enterprise and energy of the American people—that by the time the link between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi is added to the chain, we shall enjoy the magnificent spectacle of one continuous line of railway, from Maine to Iowa.

The Illinois Central Rail-road, upward of four hundred and fifty miles in length, terminating at the city of Cairo, situated at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; and which is now under contract at various points—reaches to within about ten miles of Du Buque. A branch of the Charleston and Cincinnati rail road, from Nashville to Cairo—only about one hundred and twenty miles—the importance of which, will undoubtedly secure its early construction—added to one on the ten miles above mentioned, would give to Du Buque another noble uninterrupted line of railway to the city of Charleston, South Carolina; and to the hundred other points connected with the main trunk by its various branches.

In the vicinity of Du Buque, the lover of nature would be interested in examining various springs, whose waters are possessed of petrifying properties. At some of these, tons of vegetable matter, converted into stone, are visible. In some instances, where the stream has trickled down the side of an elevated bank, its channel has originally been overgrown with a covering of moss, which, by the constant percolation of the water, has gradually become solidified; commencing at the roots, and extending to the surface; until its course, instead of being worn *deeper*, as would ordinarily be the case—imperceptibly *rises*; when at last, the rill is deviated into a new bed, leaving the old one to afford an apt illustration of the appearance of chilled lava upon the sides of a volcano—or of one of Ovid's metamorphoses—a running stream converted into stone.

Beautiful specimens too, are here found of stalactites, cornelian, agate, &c; and shells, and other substances embedded in the limestone rock; and, at the depth of many feet, in the miners' shafts, a most singular formation precisely resembling a section of petrified honey comb.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, on a tour through Wisconsin, in 1837, (prior to its division,) writes thus, from Du Buque:—

"I have become convinced during our short visit, that this Territory is destined to be, within a few years, say five at most, one of the important States of the Union. It has many attractions for an enterprising people, which are not united in any of the border States. The emigrant or traveller who comes here expecting to find a waste and howling wilderness, will be agreeably disappointed. The water power is beyond comparison, greater than that of any habitable part of the continent. I doubt if there is another spot where such substantial inducements are held out to the young and enterprising; to men of small capital of any age; and, indeed, to all classes of enterprising men, whether rich or poor.

An industrious individual coming here with one hundred dollars, may lay the foundation of an early and comfortable independence, with less toil than he must endure in the old settlements to pay his daily expenses. That so many should continue to struggle with want, and contend with scarcity, until the energies of soul or body are exhausted, in our Atlantic towns, while such a field as this is spread out invitingly before them, is proof, either of a lazy disposition, or a depraved taste. It argues a discreditable want of spirit and energy.

Du Buque goes ahead of any place in the Territory. The chief pressure is for hands to keep pace with the enterprise of the people.—Among various buildings now going up is a large steam saw-mill, which will furnish increased facilities for building. Society is in the forming state yet, but the materials and the promises are good."

CITY OF IOWA.—On the 4th of May, 1839, the commissioners appointed by the Legislature selected this new city, to be the permanent capitol of the Territory; it is on the east bank of the Iowa river, near the centre of Johnston county, and equidistant from both the north and south ends of the surveyed portion of the Territory.—It is about seventy miles from Burlington, seventy-six from Du Buque, and forty from Bloomington, the nearest point on the Mississippi. Its situation is a very beautiful one, having an abundance of timber near it, and a fine quarry of marble, of which the capitol is to be constructed upon a very magnificent scale. The surrounding country is well adapted to agriculture, and lead ore is said to have been discovered in the neighborhood, consequently those who do not object to the distance from the Mississippi will find many desirable locations for farming and manufacturing purposes, in the vicinity of Iowa City.

It is now upon the western frontier of the Territory, so far as it has yet been surveyed; but the rapidity with which the settlements progress toward the setting sun will soon render its position central from east to west, as it has before been observed to be, in the opposite direction.

PRAIRIE LA PORTE.—This town is the capitol of Clayton county, and the most northerly within the organised limits of the Territory. It stands upon very handsome ground, upon the bank of the Mississippi, and a few miles above the mouth of Turkey river, some distance up, which are situated mines of lead that have been worked to a considerable extent by the Indians, but which they have hitherto refused to discover to the settlers, owing, probably, to some superstitious notions connected in their minds with the revelation of the secret. There are, however, other mines now in operation along this stream, which is one of the most clear and beautiful in the world, affording water power to any necessary extent, and navigable for steamboats to the forks. Coal is said to have been found upon it above the present boundary line. Some of the finest farms in Iowa are situated upon this river.

The remainder of the Territory, as far up as the Falls of Saint Anthony—that being the extent of our personal opportunities of examination in this direction—is as fair and fertile as any other portion of it; and as soon as it becomes subject to settlement will be filled up with an industrious population, as rapidly as its advantages become known abroad.

SAINT PETERS.—The town of Saint Peters is the most northerly on the banks of the "Great Father of Waters," and is, perhaps as handsomely situated as any other. It stands upon the military reservation attached to Fort Snelling, on the west side of the river, and just above the mouth of the stream from which it takes its name. The Fort is large and built of stone, of which material the surrounding houses are constructed. The combined appearance of these objects, added to the fields and gardens around, with the smooth prairie in the rear, and a noble steamboat or two lying upon the river in front, altogether, produce an effect of the most pleasing kind, and half induce the admiring visiter to doubt the evidence of his senses and question the possibility of the scene he beholds, being situated at a remote post two thousand miles in the interior, resembling as it does so much the characteristics of an old settled region "down east." But so it is, and such the vast scale upon which our beloved country has been projected by the great Creator of the universe!—As fine crops of corn, oats, barley, etc. and vegetables of all kinds, are produced here as in any part of Pennsylvania or New England.

THE FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY—are about seven miles above Saint Peters, and in themselves afford ample compensation for the time required in accomplishing a visit to them. It is only surprising that a laudable desire of increasing their information respecting the various portions of this mighty Republic, has not already induced a greater number of our citizens to worship Nature at this her shrine, than which, perhaps there is no other portion of our continent more emphatically deserving of the appellation. Certainly she can no where be more appropriately worshipped, or surrounded with more striking attributes of native wildness and primeval beauty. How many thousands upon thousands annually flock to participate in the monotonous and frivolous amusements of our fashionable watering places, whose knowledge of the country is so far from perfect that the name even of the Falls of Saint Anthony is comparatively unknown to them; and yet the facilities afforded for visiting them, by means of splendid steamboats, are not surpassed by those of any fashionable resort in the older portions of the Union. Those who visit these Falls at present generally stay no longer than the boat in which they are conveyed, although tolerable accommodations may be procured at Saint Peters, by those who feel disposed to cultivate the opportunity for enjoying the examination of the surrounding interesting scenery. It is in contemplation to build a fine hotel at the Falls for the accommodation of the increasing numbers who now go there during the warm season. A traveller visiting the place, says:

"If this project succeeds it will afford a delightful resort in the summer from the cares of the world for the man of business, and the invalid will be invigorated by healthful breezes and a delicious climate. Many who have heard of the Falls of Saint Anthony are not aware of the splendid scenery with which the country abounds. Smooth, glittering sheets of water, verdant meadows and high bleak bluffs, give elegance and grandeur to the landscape. The wide extended prairies, well stocked with grouse and blooming with many kind of flowers—the Lake abounding with fish, and their shores covered with beautiful specimens of cornelian and incrustations of shells, offer great attraction to the sportsman and the man of taste. The savage can be here seen in his wildest state, and an Indian dance will be no rare occurrence. In truth I do not believe a few weeks or months could be spent more pleasantly any where, if proper accommodations could be had, than at the Falls of Saint Anthony."

"The great volume of water continually pouring over the barrier to its progress, and sending up, as it were, to God the anthem of this his handiwork, contrasted, as the voice of the cataract naturally is, with the quiet of the surrounding scenery and the beautiful repose of the far stretching prairie—all combine to subdue the feelings, and render them subjective to the sway of devotional thought. An intelligent writer for the Pittsburgh Visiter, who narrates in the style of a cultivated poet while he sees with the eye of a painter, published several months since in the journal alluded to, a sketch of a visit paid by him to St. Anthony's. It must be regretted that he does not more particularly describe the great wonder itself as well as the country adjoining. His description so far as it goes is very accurate, and we give it in his own words:

"Standing on the western bank of the Mississippi, you behold the stream dividing and encircling an island immediately above—then reuniting, and for two hundred yards by its agitation it appears to regret the formidable feat it is destined to accomplish.

"The river, which here is about seven hundred yards wide, tumbles its vast sheet of water over a ledge extending across the stream; in the centre a projecting point of the rock, somewhat resembling a horse shoe, divides the fall. On the western side the waters dash themselves upon huge masses of detached rocks, which are distributed in the bed in a state of chaotic confusion, and while they diminish the grandeur of the scene cast from their broad and jagged surface volumes of foam and spray, glistening with bright refulgence in the rays of the glorious sun.—The eastern portion of the fall, quickly and calmly slides over its rocky bed, falling perpendicularly a distance of fourteen feet into the pool below, and after the ruffled and uneven temper of the waters subsides again, mingles itself in the flowing stream. Altogether the falls do not realise expectation. The shores on both sides are crowned with luxuriant vegetation, and the rocky and romantic bluffs below, serve to attract our wonder and admiration.

"The adjoining shores indicate that the falls have been much lower down the stream than at present, presenting every appearance of having continued their ponderous masses of rock entirely across to the opposite bank."

The same writer made a visit to Brown's Falls, which he thinks beautiful and well worthy the inspection of the lovers of nature. He says:

"At the suggestion of the driver, we quitted the carriage to behold this seemingly insignificant stream precipitate its waters over a bed of rock, a distance of something more than forty feet, upon the rough and jagged masses of stone forming a time worn basin for the noisy cascade. Leaving its banks, we explored the neighborhood, and found that our John certainly evinced fine taste in recommending the spot, for in all my wanderings I have seen nothing more delightfully attractive than the scenery and associations embraced within the scope of a single glance. High above our heads the noisy volume of water leaped on to the verge of the cataract, and then, pausing but a brief while, sent its sparkling shower tremblingly, yet evenly over the barrier, whence it came madly down upon the fractured rocks at our feet.—The spray caused by the strong and powerful concussion imparted a cooling influence to the shaded dell, while to the eye it appeared an iris lighting up the almost gloomy shade.

"It was a spot for dreams of Arcady, and it required no stretch of imagination to believe that here some Dian of the surrounding wilds may have oft retired to escape the arid breath of the sun-scorched prairie, or perchance the buskined son of the soil led the maiden of his tribe to pour into her ear the story of his love. Fit spot for love or solitude! one might well forget that beyond there was a world of barrier—of six per cents. and notes of hand."

These, as well as other places equally charming, form the tempered scenery of Iowa; but her resources after all, centre in the richness of her soil, the benevolent features of her climate, and the availability of her location. To these, under Providence, the citizens already incorporated within her territorial limits, or such as may hereafter migrate hither, must look as to their elements of prosperity, open to all and to be enjoyed alike by all. Honest industry, and sober enterprise, cannot fail to reap an abundant harvest for whatever may be sown. The territory enjoys these advantages in common with many other states and territories yet comparatively open to immigration; but beyond them is the vast wealth of her mineral strength which has already opened for those engaged in disembowelling it, avenues to speedy fortunes. It is no unusual chance for the adventurer of two or three years standing, to find himself, at the expiration of such a period of time, in the enjoyment of so great an amount of available capital as he could have gained in thrice the number of years in one of the older states. The reasons for this are many and evident. The foundations for prudent enterprise are new and plentiful—The elbowing of competition is not known, because the field to be operated upon is extensive enough for a greater number than is now engaged in cultivating it. And, in proportion to the increasing laborers, will be the additional demand for the articles in which they traffic.—When the manufacturer of Pittsburgh finds that he can procure his supply of lead at Du Buque, he will make it his market; and when the millers of New York discover that they can purchase the grain of Iowa on terms of advantage, they will ship it from there and grind it in the mills of Rochester, for the consumption of their metropolis. In a very few years the balance of trade, so far as agricultural and mineral products are concerned, will rest with Iowa and Wisconsin, and the North will look hitherward for a market for her manufactures. In the view of these facts, the industrious farmers and mechanics driving a doubtful business in the states east of Ohio, cannot do a better or wiser act than to come among us, and enter upon possession of the advantages now open and affording strong inducements. Many valuable sections of land can be still obtained at government prices, while in the towns the settler will not only find reasonable treatment but every encouragement. Let the farmers and agriculturists at least take the matter into consideration. It is frankly stated here so that "all who run may read."

AN ANCIENT DISPATCH.—It is related in Herodotus that Histiaus, the Milesian, being kept prisoner by Darius, and all correspondence cut off, he shaved a man's head, wrote a dispatch upon it, and then kept the man out of sight till his hair was grown. The living letter was then sent, and the person to whom he was addressed, upon shaving the messenger's head, found the news there inscribed. One could hardly add a postscript, just as the mail closes, to such a letter.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

SONNET TO * * *

What soft'ning beauty round thee throws
Her mantle, lady mine!
Tranquil as is the wild rose
Of flowers at even's decline—
Sweet as the soothing summer lute
By wand'ring night-winds stirr'd,
When day's loud clang of care is mute
And hushed each noise bird!

Such is the tone thy lips impart,
Like some kind spirit's sent,
To thrill with ecstacy this heart,
Whene'er to sadness lent.
Then, grant the boon, refuse it not,
Since thine's alone the power,
That voice to gild life's various lot,
And sooth its closing hour!

Andersontown, Ia. JUNIATA.

THE RIFLE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEGGETT.

CHAPTER I.

"——Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."
RICHARD III.

The traveller who passes, during the summer or autumn months of the year, through the States of our Union that lie west of the Ohio river—Indiana and Illinois in particular—will often pause in his journey, with feelings of irrepressible admiration, to gaze upon the ten thousand beauties, which nature has spread through those regions with an uncommonly liberal hand. The majestic mountain, upholding the heavens on its cloudy top, does not, to be sure, arrest his astonished eye; and the roaring cataract, dashing from a dizzy height, and thundering down into whirling depths below, then rising again in upward showers, forms no part of the character of their quiet scenes. But the wide-spread prairie, level as some waveless lake, from whose fertile soil the grass springs up with a luxuriance unparalleled in any other part of our country, the beautiful green, which is besprinkled with myriads and myriads of flowers, ravishing the sight with their loveliness, and filling the air with their sweets—and, again, on either side of these immense savannas, standing array "like host to host opposed," the leafy forests, whose silence has not often been broken by the voice of man, and through whose verdant recesses the deer stalks in herds, by the boldness of primeval nature—these are some of the scenes that call forth a passing tribute of praise from every beholder. Such is their summer aspect; but when winter "has taken angrily his waste inheritance," not even the painter's pencil can convey a just conception of the bleakness and desolation of the change. Then those extensive plains, lately covered with the infinitely diversified charms of nature, become one white unvaried waste of snow; through the vistas of the naked trees nothing meets the glance but snow; and from the chilly monotony of earth, the weary eye looks up to heaven; thick and heavy clouds, driving along upon the wind, seemed surcharged to burst with the same frigid element. It was during the latter season that the incidents of the following story took place.

About the middle of December, some twelve or fifteen years ago, before Illinois was admitted a sister State into the Union, on the afternoon of a day that had been uncommonly mild, and during the morning of which had occurred a slight fall of snow, two persons might have been seen riding along one of the immense prairies, in a northern direction. The eldest seemed advanced in years, and was dressed in the usual habiliments of the country. He wore a cap, made of the skin of the otter, and a hunting shirt of blue linsey woolsey covered his body, descending nearly to the knee, and trimmed with red woollen fringe. It was fastened round the waist by a girdle of buckskin, to which was appended a bullet-pouch, made of the same material with the cap. His feet were covered with buckskin mocasins, and leggings of stout cloth were wrapped several times round his legs, fastened above the knee and at the ankle, with strings of green worsted. The horse he bestrode, was so small that the rider's feet almost dragged on the ground, and he had that artificial gait which is denominated racking. The old man's hair fell in long and uncombed locks beneath his cap, and was white with the frosts of many winters; while the sallowness of his complexion gave proof of a long residence in those uncultivated parts of the country, where the excessive vegetable decay, and the stagnation of large bodies of water, produce perennial agues.

His companion was a young man, dressed according to the prevailing fashion of the cities of the eastern states; and his rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes evinced that he had not suffered from the effects of climate. He was mounted on a spirited horse, and carrying in his hand a heavy looking rifle, the butt of which rested on his toe.

"Well, Doctor Rivington," said the elder person, "I should no more ha' looked to see one of you Yankees, toting about wi' you a rail Kentuck' rifle, than I should ha' tho't I'd be riding myself without one. If I didn't see it in your hands, I could almost swear that it's Jim Buckhorn's."

"You have guessed correctly, Mr. Silversight," replied the young physician; "I believe you know almost every rifle in this part of the territory."

"Why, I have handled a power of 'em in my time, Doctor," said the old man, "and there aint many good ones, atwixt Sangamo and the Missisip', that I don't know the vally on. I reckon now, that same rifle seems to you but a clumsy sort of a shooting iron; but it's brought down a smart chance of deer first and last.—That lock's a rail Kreamer, and there aint a truer bore—except mine, that I left down in the settlements to get a new sight to—no, not atwixt this and Major Markham's. It carries just 94, and mine a little over 96 to the pound. Jim has used my bullets often, when we've been out hunting together."

"I was unacquainted with the worth of the gun," resumed Charles Rivington; "but stepping into the gunsmith's this morning, I heard him express regret that he had missed a chance of sending it out to Jemmy Buckhorn's; so, intending to come this way I offered to take charge of it myself. In this wilderness country we must stand ready to do such little offices of friendship, Mr. Silversight."

"I was no doubt kindly meant, Doctor, and Jim will be monstrous glad to git his piece again," said the hunter. "But my wonderment is, and I don't mean no harm by it, how that tinker would trust such a Kreamer as that 'ere, with a Yankee Doctor. Do give it to me; I can't 'bide seeing a good rifle in man's hand that don't know the vally on it."

Doctor Rivington resigned the weapon with a good humored smile; for he had been some time in the country, and partly understood the love which a hunter always feels for a piece, of the character of that he had been carrying: he knew, too, though the old man's manners were rough, that there was nothing like roughness in his heart. Indeed, the very person who was loathe to trust his young companion with a gun, intrinsically worth but a trifle, would nevertheless, as we shall see, have unhesitatingly placed in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncounted or unlimited amount of money.—The term Yankee, which we have heard him applying, in rather a contemptuous manner, was then, and for years after, used indiscriminately in reference to all such as emigrated from the States east of the Allegheny mountains.—Handing the rifle across his horse to the old hunter, Charles Rivington observed:

"I am glad you have offered to take it, Mr. Silversight, for there appears to be a storm coming up, and as I wish to reach Mr. Wentworth's to-night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing through the woods into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn's."

"Will you be going into town to-morrow, Doctor?" asked Silversight.

"I shall."

"Well, then, you can do me a good turn.—Here," said the old man, handing a little leathern bag, "is fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest, four hundred and eighty five, in Shawnee town paper, is wrapped in this bit of rag. I want you to pay it into the land-office, to clear out old Richly's land; I was going to take it in, but you'll do just as well, and save me a long ride."

The physician promised to attend to the business, and they kept on together, conversing on such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until they reached the place where the path branched into two, and diverged in opposite directions.

"This is my nearest way, I believe," said Charles.

"It is," answered the old man. "This fresh track that we noticed awhile ago, lies on my route; so I'll push my nag a little, soon as I load this rifle, and it may be so that I'll overtake company. Doctor look here, and you'll know how an old hunter loads his piece—it may stand you in hand some day; I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a leetle smaller than

Jim's you mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball to its place, and carefully poured some priming into the pan, "it's done in quick time by them what have slept year in and year out with red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, Doctor; you need'nt lift certificates—the Register may as well keep 'em till old Richly goes in himself."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, as the night threatened shortly to set in dark and stormy.—The old hunter acknowledging to himself in mental soliloquy, that the Doctor was a "right nice and cute young fellow, considering he was raised among Yankees," rode briskly along the path. He had proceeded about four or five miles farther on his way, when he perceived that the track which he before observed, turned aside, toward a little point of woods, that put out into the prairie. "So, so," said he, "Slaymush has been out among the deer to-day; I was in hopes 'twas some one going up to the head-waters;" and he kept racking along the road, when suddenly the loud report of a musket was heard reverberating through the night, and the old man, writhing and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, which, scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the prairie. A few minutes afterward, the figure of a man stole out from the shadow of the trees, and cautiously approached the place, as if fearful his victim should not yet be dead; but apparently satisfied in this particular, by his motionless silence, he advanced, and proceeded immediately to examine the pockets of the deceased.

"Damnation!" muttered he at length, when a fruitless search was finished, "the old curmudgeon hasn't got the money after all; and I've sent a bullet through his head for nothing.—I'm sure I heard him say, in Brown's tavern, down in the settlement, that old Richly give it to him to carry. Well, it's his own fault, any-how, for telling a bragging lie about it; and the grey-headed scoundrel wont never jeer me again, for using a smooth bore, before a whole company of Kentuck' squatters—it carried true enough to do his business. I'm sorry I dropped that damn flask, though; but this powder-horn will make some amends," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast, where it had hung for forty years.

"What the devil have we here?" said he again, as in stepping from the body, he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "ho, ho," muttered he, in a chuckling tone, as he discharged it in the air—"ho, ho, if worst comes to worst, they'll think this piece went off by accident, and shot him.—But there's no danger—it will snow before daylight, and cover the trail; and the prairie wolves will finish the job."

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, nearly at right angles with the path, along which the unfortunate hunter had been travelling.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

In view of the pecuniary difficulties which now interfere with the general prosperity, it will be gratifying to those who think that a large portion of these difficulties are occasioned by our purchasing too much and producing too little, to perceive any thing that may hold out a fair prospect of correcting the evil. The immense foreign debt against us it is of importance to meet in some other way than by the payment of specie. If our country is capable of yielding that which will furnish a ready mode of liquidating this foreign balance, should not the attempt be made to realise so important an object?

Thoroughly convinced that this object can and ought to be accomplished by means of the cultivation of Silk, for the production of which the climate and soil of large portions of the country are proved to be every way suited, a meeting was recently called for the purpose of taking the subject into earnest consideration. This meeting, composed of a large number of our most respectable and enterprising citizens, became satisfied that the "position which the city of Philadelphia occupies, as a metropolis embracing a vast amount of capital and enterprise, calls for the adoption of such measures by those of her citizens who are interested in the Silk business, as will place her in a position of the most commanding character in relation to that new and growing interest." The meeting was farther of opinion that "the Silk business has been established more firmly in our country than the public have any knowledge of, and that a national society would greatly extend this knowledge, and produce conviction as to its feasibility and profitableness." A society was thereupon projected, and after several meetings its organisation has been completed under the title of the "National Association for the Promotion of the Silk Culture in the United States." Among the objects which it proposes, is to establish a mart for the purchase of cocoons, raw and manufactured Silk of American growth, with a view to an extensive public exhibition; the memorialising of Congress; the dissemination of information by means of lectures, publications and such other matters as may legitimately come within the power of such an association. The members pay annually five dollars for the purpose of creating a fund for the prosecution of its intentions, and already nearly two hundred names have been enrolled upon its list, and large accessions are made at each of its weekly meetings.

Aware that much would depend upon the character, ability and public spirit of those who may preside over and direct its proceedings, it was a matter of anxiety, in filling the office of President, to secure the co-operation of one who should combine in his own person all those essential qualities." This object the Association has been fortunate enough to secure in the selection of Nicholas Biddle, Esq. who, in consenting to preside over the deliberations of the Association, observed: "I am sensible of the distinction conferred by this appointment, and regret only that I shall be so little able to realise the expectations of the Association. At the same time I am so anxious to contribute by any means in my power to the encouragement of our own national industry, that I feel reluctant to decline any effort by which I may be useful." The discerning mind of this distinguished citizen, in publicly evincing his estimation of the true character of the silk culture, has but seconded the views promulgated by Benjamin Franklin in 1770, and more recently by Ex-President Adams, Mr. Randolph, and others, who in Congress have recorded their convictions of the perfect adaptation of our soil and climate, which, by the latter gentleman, was, in his report as chairman of the committee appointed by Congress to investigate the subject, declared to be fully equal to the best portions of China for the production of silk. The success of the present year in producing superior silk, at a cost which will realise a better profit than any other crop that can be put into the ground, has been amply sufficient to satisfy all who have taken the trouble to examine for themselves; and nothing appears to be now wanting but a proper spirit of enterprise and perseverance to effect the speedy and permanent establishment of this important branch of national industry.

The immense tax which the silk produce enables the French nation to levy upon other countries, has placed her, during the present commercial embarrassments, with her abundant surplus of the precious metals, in a position which our own country might now have been nearer the attainment of, had the advice and example of Franklin been followed. What this was, we find stated in M'Mahon's American Gardener, published in this city so long ago as 1806. From page 281 we copy that: "Silk has been raised and manufactured into most excellent fabric under the direction of that great and venerable patriot and friend to mankind, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. That so useful a pursuit should be suffered to die away, in a country as well adapted for it as any in the universe, is as extraordinary as it is unfortunate, and injurious to the best interest of the nation."

Too long has the nation neglected the advantage to be reaped from this source. The National Association now formed in aid of the culture of silk, will, it is hoped, succeed in awakening the country to a sense of its importance.—Among its officers we find the name of the venerable Duponceau, the folds of whose American flag, manufactured under his own personal direction in this city, so presented and unfolded by order of Congress in its hall, displayed a splendid evidence of American skill and material. The Hon. G. D. Wall of N. Jersey, Calvin Blythe, Jonathan Roberts, Edmund Ruffin, William C. Rives, and other distinguished citizens of this and the neighboring states are also among its vice-presidents, while the board of directors presents an array of talent and intelligence as well as public spirit, from whose labors much may be safely anticipated.

The Association will meet again this evening at Evans's, in George street above Sixth, at 7½ o'clock, when all who feel an interest in the matter are invited to attend.

ON KEEPING SILK WORM EGGS.

Immense quantities of silk worm eggs have been lost this season by premature hatching. In one instance, upward of one hundred ounces that had been imported from France, and that had been kept since their arrival in this country in a refrigerator, at a temperature of *forty-four degrees*, all hatched before there was any mulberry leaves to feed the worms with, and they were of course all lost. The unusual warm weather of the month of April, has doubtless caused much loss to those who had kept their eggs in the usual way. These losses, however, though a present evil, will result in ultimate gain. They will prove by example what almost every body has heretofore refused to learn from precept, to wit: That silk worm eggs must be constantly kept in a cold place, from the time they are laid, till they are wanted for hatching; and that any exposure to warmth at any time during winter or early spring, will certainly start the growth of the embryo, and insure the premature hatching of the eggs. Again and again has the writer of these remarks cautioned the public on this subject. The object of this paper now is to give a few hints that may be useful in securing eggs for another season.

In no event can imported eggs be depended upon for anything more than raising a few worms, for a future supply of eggs; because during the passage they are necessarily exposed to a warm temperature, and if they arrive safe, will certainly hatch soon afterward; in which event but few can be saved, unless they happen to arrive after the leaves are developed, which is scarcely to be expected, as the warm weather would hatch them on the passage. It is probable that if they were imported in the fall, and immediately placed in an ice-house and kept there steadily till wanted for hatching, they might be kept till the middle of May, in this latitude, but not longer. Thousands of persons have now learned from experience, that silkworm eggs hatch as readily in an ice-house as any where else, if they have at any time previously been exposed to a warm temperature.

It is earnestly recommended that all persons who are fortunate enough to have silkworms, now select from the first formed cocoons a sufficient number to produce as many eggs as they may want for next year's use, and within three or four days after the eggs are laid, place them securely in a very cold, dry cellar, or an ice-house, and there keep them steadily till wanted for hatching next season: they may then bring them out in such portions as they wish for successive crops during the season. Those kept in a cellar, however, during the fall, must be put into an ice-house before the 1st of February, or they cannot be kept from hatching in May.

Eggs that have been carried about the country during winter, cannot be kept from hatching during the warm weather, the latter part of April and in May. Therefore, purchasers of eggs, under such circumstances, should be prepared to feed the worms by the 1st of May, at the latest, in the latitude of Baltimore.

The French and Italians scrape the eggs from the cloth or paper on which the insect has deposited them, before exposing them to hatch. Indeed, many of them keep them "in bulk," like a parcel of seeds, from the time they are laid till next season, and most of the eggs that are imported into the country are put up in boxes, like so many cabbage seed. Notwithstanding the high authority from which this practice emanates, we are well convinced of its impropriety. The close contact of so many animated existences, we should naturally conclude, even without experience, would generate heat, foul air, and finally cause the death of the whole. And that it has this effect, is abundantly proved by numerous instances where they have been imported in this way, and on opening the boxes, the putrifying mass of eggs was extremely offensive, the eggs being all dead. Another objection is found in the difficulty of hatching the worms from these loose eggs. The little insect, when he gets his head and fore-legs out of the shell, reaches its claws ahead, and seizes hold of the paper or board, and in this way speedily pulls himself out of the shell; but if the egg be not fastened to the paper, he cannot thus pull himself out, but pulls the shell along. In this way we have seen a little worm working and struggling for an hour, and very often perish at last. *It is not uncommon to see them come out tail first*—in that case, they are worse off still; for as soon as their first pair of teeth touch any external object, they push themselves about, with the shell covering their head and the fore part of the body. When the eggs are left glued upon the paper, as is the custom in this country, they are not subject to spontaneous heat, and are consequently preserved with more certainty; and at the time of bringing them out, none of the worms are lost from difficult hatching from the above cause.

EXTRAORDINARY MUSICAL PERFORMER.

The following we copy from the London Times of September 7th, as a matter likely to create at no distant day, considerable excitement in this city. In addition to the importance of the invention alluded to, and its really surprising character, we have shrewd reason to believe that the Trumpeter, and its new appendage will be first exhibited in Philadelphia, ere it take its departure for England, and we think we could even designate the lady, whom it is purposed that it shall first accompany. As far as musical accomplishments extend, she is indeed a "Syren;" and we have no doubt the thrilling notes of the Trumpeter, will admirably assist her vocal efforts in their effect.

We subjoin the article referred to.

[*From the London Times of September 7th.*]

"A great sensation has been created among the musical professors and amateurs of Genoa, by the accomplishment of what they term the 'Ne plus ultra' of mechanical achievement, by a celebrated artizan residing in that neighborhood. The details, as given in the journals furnished us by the politeness of Messrs. Baring & Brothers, are very interesting, and from which we gather the following:

"It appears that the celebrated Maelzel, during his sojourn in America, for the purpose of exhibiting his Automaton Performer on the Trumpet, and where he amassed great riches, was struck with the idea that it would be possible to produce an appendage to his Trumpeter, which would endow it with the faculty of accompanying the human voice, observing the rests, pauses, change of time, cadences, &c. precisely in the manner of a living artist.

"The master mind of Maelzel, having conceived the idea, his plans were quickly matured and drawn out, which he immediately forwarded with a 'carte blanche' as to expense to his friend, who had previously co-operated with him in the construction of his wonderful Automaton performer.

"It was a task of no ordinary difficulty, but with the certainty of ample remuneration, the ingenious artist set to work, and two years of incessant application, and repeated failures, produced at last a completely successful result, upon which he wrote to Maelzel, who unfortunately about this time died, while on his passage from Havana to Philadelphia, at which place it is believed his effects were sold at auction, and among them the Automaton Trumpeter. Upon hearing this, the artizan offered his appendage for sale at Genoa, where a well known musical professor lately attached to Drury Lane Theatre, succeeded in obtaining it at a high price, and immediately embarked for the United States, to purchase the Automaton Trumpeter, with the determination, as we understand, of its being first exhibited in London, at a series of concerts to be given in Exeter Hall. Which of our syrens it is to accompany, we have not yet heard, but we presume, (if the proprietor wishes to realise a fortune) she will be one of our own country women. We understand that Paganini, to whom it was shown, expressed himself highly delighted with it.

"When will wonders cease? or who shall define limits to the production of mental and physical energies combined? Here, we are to have apparently a mere block of wood carved into the human shape, which, as though enchanted by the ferula of Prometheus, is to perform the functions of a living artist, and one too of taste and cultivation, on that most difficult of instruments, the Trumpet."

Saturday Evening Post.

Edited by
G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and those paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. S. C." His article *looks* like a very good one; if the author will furnish us with a legible manuscript, it will give us much satisfaction to publish it.

"E. F." is quite a novice in the art of making verses.

"S. H." We regret to state that the communication he alludes to is mislaid. Has he a copy?

"BEAUTY," *this* time, we do not admire. The writer is very careless, and mars his natural talent by a lack of attention. "Break" and "brake," is a poor rhyme, and "noon" and "perfume," no rhyme at all. Besides, the lines are out of measure.

"T." is acceptable; we like his logic, as well as his eloquence.

"PLINY," writes as if he imitated his great namesake in at least *one* respect—i. e. in venturing too near the *crater*.

As we shall be out now very soon in an entirely new, handsome dress, and feel disposed to infuse new vigor, and a much greater amount than usual of originality into the Saturday Evening Post, we should really be gratified if our readers would favor us more frequently, with something *good*, in the way of either Poetry or Prose. Among our thirty thousand subscribers, extending from Florida to the Canadas, and from the Atlantic to the wild prairies of our Western Territories, there must be a multitude capable of obliging us in this particular, and of ministering to the laudable apetite for novelty, which is the prominent characteristic of the day.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

We see that a circular has been started on the rounds, recommending to the good people of the United States, to petition Congress for a reduction of the rates of postage, and we presume that no sensible man in Congress, will oppose the measure. We hope that a reform will be not only carried so far as to reduce the price upon letters, so that no letter mailed and carried within the limits of the states, shall cost more than ten cents, and that but few shall cost more than two, as is contemplated in the circular, but we hope to see the principle carried further, and to lessen, if not abolish the postage upon pamphlets, magazines and newspapers.

Since Britain, loaded with a heavy National Debt, has set the example, we can scarcely suppose that serious objections will be offered in our own country, *burdened* as it is with a surplus revenue. It does not comport with the genius of our institutions that there should be a tax upon the means of intellectual culture; nor with the spirit of an adventurous and enterprising people, that it should be levied heavily upon the medium of interchange of sentiment, among mercantile and business men, or of citizens widely remote from each other. We do not advocate a total abandonment of all charge of postage, it would be to convert our mails into vehicles for the transportation of all sorts of lumber, but the rates might be considerably reduced upon letters, and given up upon papers and magazines altogether, without seriously affecting the stability of Uncle Sam.

THE WATSON CONCERT.

We attended this Concert at the Museum, on Tuesday night. The audience was a highly fashionable one, and such as did credit to the occasion. Mrs. Watson sang with inimitable sweetness; and in the "Soldier's Tear," with so much feeling, that we beheld several young ladies fairly melted into tears. Miss Wells sang "The Lords of Creation," with delightful animation, and was encored. The duett of "Matrimonial Discussion," of which we may as well now acknowledge ourself the author, was acted as well as sung, by Miss Wells and Mr. Quayle, and enthusiastically applauded. To gratify the audience it was repeated. Mr. Norton was excellent on the *Cornet a Piston*. He extracted more genuine music from the instrument, than we believed it capable of. He is an extraordinary player. Mr. Quayle, was uncommonly fine in Glover's Irish air of "The Hour before Day." He deserves praise. We must not forget Mr. Hunt, who was good, and the Minstrels of the Rhine, who were the same; if we except Mad. Thrun's execution on the Harp, which was really superb.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

The following, from the Raleigh Standard, is an effectual receipe to accomplish the work to which it alludes:

THE WAY TO BREAK DOWN THE PRESS.—It has been justly said that an independent press rests on a firmer basis for support than one of a contrary character, and it has been difficult to break down such a press. There is a way in which it can be done, however. And how does the reader think this work can be accomplished? By the telling of all sorts of lies concerning it and its editors? No. By threats? No. By getting hirelings for the special purpose of writing it down? No. By the misconduct of an unprincipled political postmaster? No. But this is the secret. Let a large number of subscribers conclude, that because the business is good, the editor is not in want of the little sums they severally owe; let its *friends* habitually *delay* the fulfilment of their *promises* and *contracts* with the editor, and the most prosperous establishment in the world will come down at last.

TARGET FIRING.—On Monday afternoon last, the corps of Washington Grays, under the Command of Colonel Childs, turned out for a trial of skill in target firing. The shooting was excellent, forty-two balls out of seventy-four having struck the target, the best shot in the centre of the bull's eye. A beautiful gold medal, containing a profile likeness of Washington, was awarded to Mr. J. B. Clement, Jr. for the best shot. Another gold medal was taken by Samuel Brewer, Jr. for the second best shot, which was in a perpendicular line near the bull's eye. The firing took place on the new parade ground in Moyamensing.

LITERARY.

MR. MOORE'S ALCIPHRON.

We make the following beautiful extracts from Moore's new poem Alciphron, the original of that gorgeous tale the Epicurean. As every body will read it, and scan individually its merits, we need enter into no elaborate critique upon the occasion. The author beside, is so well known and so favorably—his literary character so handsomely established—that, perhaps no remark of ours could influence the popular sentiment, however just or however pertinent, we might make it. We preface the extracts by the following letter from Moore, in relation to the poem.

THE LETTER.

"Some circumstances connected with this new edition, as well as with the poems subjoined to the narrative, seem to require from me a few prefatory words. The idea of calling in the magic pencil of Mr. Turner, to illustrate some of the scenes of the following story, was first suggested by the late Mr. Macrone,—to whose general talents and enterprising spirit all who knew him still bear ready and cordial testimony. His original wish had been that I should undertake for him some new poem, or story, to be thus embellished by the artist. But other tasks and ties having rendered my compliance with this wish impracticable, he proposed to purchase of me the copyright of the Epicurean, for a single 'illustrated' edition; and hence the appearance of the work under its present new auspices and form.

"A few more words remain to be said respecting the poems which occupy a portion of this volume; and which, with the exception of a few fragments of them found scattered through the prose narrative, are here, for the first time, published. My original plan, in commencing the story of the Epicurean, was to write it all in verse, and in the form, as will be seen, of letters from the different personages. But the great difficulty of managing, in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without becoming prosaic, and, still more, the diffuse length to which I saw narration in verse would be likely to run, deterred me from pursuing this plan any further; and I then commenced the tale anew, in its present shape. Whether I was wrong or right, in this change, my readers have now an opportunity of judging for themselves.

"In the Letters of Alciphron will be found,—heightened only by a freer use of poetic colouring,—nearly the same details of events, feelings, and scenery, which occupy the earlier part of the prose narrative. But the Letter of the hypocritical High Priest, whatever else may be its claim to attention, will be found, both in matter and form, new to the reader.

THOMAS MOORE."

Now follows professedly the most novel portion of the volume, the epistle from Orcus, High Priest of Memphis, to Decius, the praetorian prefect, described above.

"Rejoice, my friend, rejoice;—the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all belief,
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons aimed
At priestly creeds, since first a creed was framed,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers conceal'd.
And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet
As any thou canst boast,—even when the feet
Of thy proud war steed wade through Christian blood,
To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,
And bring him, tamed and prostrate to implore
The vilest god's ev'n Egypt's saints adore.

"What! do these sages think, to *them* alone
The key of this world's happiness is known?
That none but they, who make such proud parade
Of Pleasure's smiling favors, win the maid,
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?
Fools!—did they know how keen the zest that's given
To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven;
How Piety's grave mask improves the hue
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,
And how the Priest, set aptly within reach
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
Would they not, Decius,—thou, whom th' ancient tie
'Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally,—
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours?
Leave the gross daylight joys that, in their bowers,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers,
For the veil'd loves, that blissful undisplay'd
That slyly lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school,—
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er passion's heaving tide,
Where Pleasure, cramp'd and chill'd by wisdom's pride,
Counts her own pulse's regulated play,
And in dull dreams dissolves her life away,—
Be taught by us, quit shadows for the true,
Substantial joys we sager Priests pursue,—
Who, far too wise to theorise on bliss,
Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,
Preach *other* worlds, but live for only *this*:—
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round us flung,
Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

"Say, is it to be borne, that scoffers vain
Of their own freedom from the altar's chain,
Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,
And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?
It must not be:—think'st thou that Christian sect,
Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect
Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride—
Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, ev'n they
Would triumph thus, had not the constant play
Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their way?—
That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes,
Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummery knows,
Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,
Threatening such change as do the awful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

"But, to my point—a youth of this vain school,
But one, whom Doubt itself hath failed to cool
Down to that freezing point, where Priests despair
Of any spark from th' altar catching there,—
Hath, some nights since,—it was, methinks, the night
That followed the full Moon's great annual rite,—
Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward stray
To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,
Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me
The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,
Sing their last night hymn in the Sanctuary.
The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands
At the Well's lowest depth,—which none but hands
Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move,—
Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh:—
'Twas the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,
Had been observed, curiously wandering round
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

"Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were prepared,—
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dared,
That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian* pass'd,
With trembling hope, to come to—what, at last?
Go, ask the dupes of Myst'ry; question him
Who, mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,
With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep
Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities,—
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,
Drown'd, hang'd, empaled, to rise, as gods, again;—
Ask them, what mighty secret lurks below
This sev'n-fold mystery—can they tell thee? No;
Gravely they keep that only secret, well
And fairly kept—that they have none to tell;
And duped themselves, console their humbled pride
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

"And such th' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time,—
That earliest master of our craft sublime,—
So many minor Mysteries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,
That, still t' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,
With changeful skill; and make the human mind
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way,—
Where, through the gloom as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy stands,
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.

"Here, at this moment,—all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last,
The young Initiate roves—as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery,
Feeding on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er water falls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapor still;—
Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,
Aye ev'n the wisest and the hardiest quail
To any goblin throned behind a veil.

"Yes,—such the spell shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere;
Till, if our Sage be not tamed down at length
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honor of the shrine,—
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites,—
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chased
To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste.

* Pythagoras.

"HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE."—*Freeman Hunt, New York.*

We have heretofore neglected to call the attention of our mercantile readers to this useful magazine, but we shall endeavor to atone for our remissness. The November number contains some very valuable articles among which we notice the *Lecture on Commercial Integrity*, by Judge Hopkinson, and an article on *Leisure*, by Dr. Bethune, two papers which are well written and well known. There is also a neatly written biographical sketch of the late Matthew Carey, by E. Holden, Esq. The article is marked by the good taste, discrimination, and sound manly sense of the writer, and is interspersed with judicious philosophical reflections, which the whole life of the deceased, was so well calculated to awaken in the mind of a writer, familiar with its varied incidents. There is one passage in the sketch, in which the author takes occasion to condemn the influence of small cliquism among men of letters, that contains a wholesome rebuke, and we hope that the time is not distant when the press shall cease to be governed by such influences,—and honest criticisms may be generally expected, instead of the mawkish flattery of favorites and friends, and the cold reception and dishonest silence, when unpretending merit is found without the pale. There are some men without virtue or talents who find themselves made famous in a night, while men who have both, are coldly sneered at, and are suffered to struggle through life unnoticed, as those who pull the wires behind the curtain of the press chance to be friends or foes. Such a spirit is neither liberal nor American and should be universally denounced.

A SECOND EDITION of the National Melodies of America, arranged by C. E. Horn, has been published in New York.

FAY'S NEW NOVEL, The Countess of Ida, is spoken of in warm terms, by those who have read the MSS.

GRAND ACCESSION TO AMERICAN HISTORY.—Mr. Howard, who had been sent, by the State of Georgia, to England, to procure copies of colonial records relating to the early history of Georgia, has returned, and has placed, says the Message, nineteen MSS volumes, the result of his labors, in the Executive office.

Popular Lectures.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY COMPANY.—David Paul Brown, Esq. delivered a lecture on Friday evening last, before the Mercantile Library Company, at the Musical Fund Hall. His subject was *Oratory*, and well was it handled. The house has not been as full this season, and the orator must have felt assured that whatever a few envious and contemptible cliques, may profess to think of his talents,—the public, who rarely judge wrong, properly estimate his abilities. The orator was in his happiest mood, and delivered decidedly the best lecture of the season, thus far.

THE ATHENIAN INSTITUTE.—Joseph R. Ingersoll Esq. gave a lecture on Tuesday evening last, on "The Men and Manners of the Middle Ages." He spoke of the middle ages as eras of great intellectual darkness, and fierce warfare, but instanced some bright exceptions, such as Charlemagne of France, and Alfred of England.

"The lecturer spoke of the scarcity of books, the ignorance of letters pervading all ranks, from the vassal to the prince, from the menial of the church up to the bishops and cardinals; many of whom were unable to write their own names. What little learning there might be was in the ranks of the priesthood, who obtained in consequence, all that sway and importance which superior intellectual knowledge will always command. They became the controllers and directors of the every-day actions of men; they introduced the forms, observances, and signs of religion into all things; and, finally, it became mingled with the avocations of business and pleasure, the occupations of peace and the pursuits of war, and so tinging the general mind with it, that it was a habitual passion rather than a reasonable and discriminating belief.

"This result was followed by another. The religious feeling imparted an elevated romance to the character of the men of the age, moderating their ferocity, and in place of it, inducing a high wrought devotion, almost amounting to idolatry, of women regarding them as superior beings, and making their approbation and smiles the reward of the greatest and most daring exploits. This habit of seeming adoration had also a sublimating effect upon the objects of it; and they would naturally endeavor to deserve it.

"The passion of religion, and the passion of love, produced a refinement, out of which grew the peculiar institution of the middle ages, chivalry. The lecturer spoke of the high sense of honor, the generous hospitality, the cultivation of knightly courtesy, an elevated martial pride divested of savageness, the increased devotion to and importance of women, the general inculcation of virtue as noble, and vice as dishonorable, as among the good effects of chivalry, in further civilising the mass of Europe. The magnificence which it introduced, in dress, in banners, and in armor, had also a beneficial influence upon the arts and infant manufacturers of the times. The peculiar ceremonies of initiation into knighthood, and the order and usages of tournaments were particularly described.

He spoke of the Crusades, as growing out of the institution of chivalry. Those expeditions at once gratified the warlike and religious spirits of the age; and though scarcely justifiable, they nevertheless contributed, in no small degree, to add to the stock of general and geographical knowledge, they gave a start to commercial enterprise, caused an intercourse between distant countries to spring, checked effectually the further progress westward of the Saracens, and gave a shock to the feudal system which eventuated in the course of time in its total destruction."

He related many anecdotes calculated to illustrate the spirit of the different ages, and some quite amusing ones in reference to the spirit of chivalry. He dwelt with particular force and propriety upon the favors which the ladies were wont to bestow upon the gallant knights of the time, and quoted the remarks of the staid Erasmus in a letter to a friend, to show how generally the feeling was diffused through society. "Did you know" said Erasmus to his friend, "the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus." These lip-favors of the English ladies, were certainly commendable, and worthy of all imitation.

SOUTHWARK INSTITUTE.—We understand from Mr. Flanigen, the President of the Institute, that the 7th anniversary will be celebrated at the 3d Baptist church in Second street above Catharine on Monday evening next, 25th inst. at 7 o'clock. Mr. Gerge Kingsley, together with some of the first medical talent in the city, have kindly volunteered their valuable aid for the occasion. This, with the well known abilities of the gentlemen who are to address the meeting, will contribute to make this one of the most interesting and brilliant celebrations that has taken place for a long time.

FROM HAYTI.

It is stated in the New York Journal of Commerce, on the authority of a correspondent, that the Government of Hayti, is in an unhappy condition. The President, a man of very strong and foolish passions, has quarrelled with the lower branch of the Legislature, because of their attempts to restrain his acts of unconstitutional authority. He, through intrigue, had two of the members expelled. They were subsequently returned again, when, finding the House would not do as he desired, he applied to the Senate, which, being composed of his docile creatures, sanctioned all he ordered them to do. The House refused to submit to these proceedings, and protested against the power of the Senate to pass censure on their conduct. The President passed through the town with his escort, abusing every body whom he suspected of favoring the House, and finally placed a guard at the door of the House of Representatives, to prevent the entrance of the members opposed to his wishes. The House organised under the influence of fear, and a minority of its members—the rest being forced to be silent, from the military force,—pronounced the expulsion of five of its leading members, for not having obeyed the call of the House. They having been driven away by the guard when they presented themselves, a proclamation was issued, forbidding people to talk about what was passing, and attempts of assassination were made on the persons of two of the members that had been so unconstitutionally expelled.

ANOTHER FIRE IN MOBILE.—On the margin of the Mobile Journal of the 12th was written:—"A fire broke out about two o'clock this morning in a warehouse in the rear of the Alabama Hotel, and destroyed the warehouse and three or four new one story buildings on St. Francis street. The warehouse had unslacked lime stored in it, which was the cause of the fire."

City News.

FIRE.—A fire broke out at the Inclined Plane, Columbia Rail Road, on Thursday morning about 11 o'clock, at the station house at the head of the Inclined Plane, on the river Schuylkill. The building was destroyed and three locomotives consumed. The materials in the house were of a very combustible nature, and were soon destroyed by the devouring element.

A row of brick houses, immediately in the rear of the car-house, was also consumed—the two easternmost were tenanted dwelling houses, the western end was used as a blacksmith shop.

In addition to these, a building used as a carpenter shop was burned down.

The loss to the State is estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand dollars; among other articles of value consumed, was a rope for the use of the Plane, the cost of which was two thousand seven hundred dollars.

ANOTHER.—The handsome house of Isaac S. Lloyd, opposite Lemon Hill, was consumed by fire on Friday morning about 4 o'clock.

YET ANOTHER.—On the same morning a fire occurred in Dock street below Second, consuming entirely the chair making establishment of Mr. G. W. Donohue.

FIRE FROM A LOCOMOTIVE.—On Monday last the sparks from the locomotive of the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad set fire to the barn of David Smith, just above the Frankford bridge, which was consumed. It was with the greatest difficulty that the engines and citizens saved his dwelling, standing but a few yards from the barn. Loss stated at between 5 and $600—no insurance.

DR. T. W. DYOTT.—Judges Todd and Bouvier delivered the opinion of the Court on Saturday last, in the case of this individual, who applied for a discharge, on the ground of certain informalities in the organisation of the jury before whom he was tried. They stated that "the court, after a cool, patient, and laborious investigation, and consulting the highest authority upon the subject, were decidedly of the opinion that the ground urged did not reach the case of the prisoner, and therefore he was not entitled to his discharge."

We presume the matter will be carried before the Supreme Court, and we strongly suspect the Doctor will succeed in his application.

A CARD.—The Messrs. Parkinson have issued a beautiful card of their establishment, engraved with much taste and skill, by Mr. William E. Tucker, who has proved himself as capable to cater for the eye, as are the Messrs. Parkinson to cater for the taste. By the way their ice cream is unequalled.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—On Monday evening about dusk, as an old lady, named Margaret Felton, about eighty years of age, and who resides at No. 206 Cherry street, above Ninth, was attempting to cross the street, just at the time that a cart, heavily ladened with sand was passing, when in consequence of not hearing the noise of the approach of the vehicle, owing to her having a handkerchief tied around her ears, she was thrown down, and the cart passed directly over her, severely lacerating her back, breaking both her jaw-bones, and fracturing her skull in several places. She is still alive.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.—J. J. Smith, Esq. is no longer manager of the Philadelphia Museum. His successor is a Mr. Campbell, a gentleman it is said, of ability and industry.

Mrs. Watson, and Messrs. Russell and Knight, are all giving concerts at that establishment. Mrs Watson is, however, the "particular star." She is a sweet singer, and a very handsome woman.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire on Saturday night, about 12 o'clock, was occasioned by the burning of some combustible materials in the dry goods and fancy store of Mrs. Turner, in 2d street, near Chesnut. It was extinguished before any damage was done.

EFFECTS OF LIQUOR.—An individual was accidentally thrown from a cart in Walnut street, on Monday last, and run over, and was so much injured that he died before he could be carried to the Hospital. It appears in evidence before the Coroner, Samuel Heintzelman, Esq. who held an inquest over the body shortly after the accident occurred, that the deceased had been regularly in the habit, for some time past, of indulging immoderately in liquor; and at the time of his being thrown out of the cart, was in a beastly, and almost frenzied state of intoxication. His name was William Buchanan, his age forty-eight years. Another solemn warning for those who cannot take a glass, without levelling themselves with the brute creation!

SCHUYLKILL NAVIGATION.—Statement of the amount of the following articles which arrived at Philadelphia, by the Schuylkill Navigation, from the opening of the same on the 23d of March, to the 1st of November 1839, inclusive.

Arrived at Fairmount.

Coal,	ton	374,444
Flour,	bbls	82,356
Grain,	bush	545,368
Bacon and Lard,	pounds	1,894,250
Iron, kind not named,	do	32,295,731
——— Blooms,	do	2,394,418
——— Castings,	do	1,046,320
——— Nails,	do	3,659,153
Iron Ore,	do	5,863,304
Leather,	do	589,667
Rags,	do	357,100
Sundries,	do	2,806,313
Lime,	do	27,611
Limestone,	do	46,616

AN OFFER.—It is said that an agent appointed by the King of France has been officially instructed to treat with Mr. Dunn for the purchase of the Chinese Collection. A very liberal sum is spoken of, and were the collection in the possession of any other than the present owner, our fears would be excited at the prospect of losing what we as Philadelphians are justly proud of; and even in the present instance, where a monarch of Europe makes an overture of the kind to a private individual, the temptation to us appears almost too flattering to be resisted.

NEW ENTERPRISE.—We learn that Mr. Jacob Ridgway, has it in contemplation, early in the ensuing spring, to run a line of steamboats stages and locomotives, between this city and New York, *via* Trenton and New Brunswick. The price will be *two dollars* for the whole route. Mr. Ridgway, we need scarcely add, is fully competent to the undertaking. The stage department will be under the superintendence of Admiral Reeside, so well and favorably known to all American travellers. It is believed that the whole distance will be performed in less than eight hours.

ANOTHER WARNING TO THE INTEMPERATE.—On Wednesday evening last, a poor colored woman living in Wiley's Court, which runs between Race and Vine, and Eleventh and Twelfth street, came to her death in a shocking manner, through the instrumentality of intemperate habits. It appears that as usual, she had indulged to excess in the use of ardent spirits on the evening in question, and incapable of moving about the house without necessary caution, approached too near the fire, which communicating with her clothes, soon enveloped her in the destructive blaze. Her shrieks and screams were horrible, and brought the neighbors with celerity to her assistance, but ere they had arrived, the unfortunate woman, we regret to state, was so much burned that life was nearly extinct. She was conveyed by her charitable neighbors to the hospital, but we fear will not recover.

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

BACKING OUT.—The St. Albans (Vt.) Republican of the 12th inst. says: "In this number of our paper is to be found seven petitions for divorce and not a single marriage."

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Charles Weston, of Iowa Territory, to be Attorney of the United States in and for the said Territory, in the place of Isaac Van Allen, deceased.

Henry Naylor to be justice of the Peace in the county of Washington, in the district of Columbia, in the place of George Naylor, deceased.

ACQUITTAL.—The jury, in the case of the State against Mr. Peter Burton, tried lately in Columbus, S. C. for the alleged murder of Mr. G. W. Hunt, after retiring for a few minutes only, returned a verdict of "not guilty," and Mr. Burton was instantly and unconditionally discharged.

WOMAN MISSING.—Mrs Holdridge, wife of Felix Holdridge, Tecumseh, Lenawee Co. Michigan, left her home on the 8th ult. to go into the woods for rushes, and has not been seen or heard of since. Search was continued for several days by from 200 to 600 people but without discovering her.

THE ORATORIO OF JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN was performed at Salem, Mass. as an introduction to the course of lectures before the Lyceum.

PROFOUND.—An Eastern paper in speaking of the discovery by Mr. Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, by which railroad speed of 200 miles an hour might be obtained, says, that if two engines going at that speed were to come together, "the consequences would be fatal."

BUSINESS ON THE OHIO.—The Wheeling Times states that the business done on the Ohio river, gives active employment to sixty thousand people.

THANKSGIVING.—The Maryland papers are calling upon the Governor of that State, to designate a day of general thanksgiving.

NEW STEAMBOATS.—No less than four new steamers are on the stocks in the New York shipyards.

SNOW.—The Catskill and Shawangunk mountains, up the Hudson, are covered with snow.

A BEAR weighing over 400 pounds was killed in the neighborhood of Hammonton, New Jersey, on the 4th instant, by Mr. B. Coffin, of that place.

LATE FROM CHILI.—A severe gale was experienced at Valparaiso, on the 24th and 25th of July, during which the Chilian ship of war Montegudo was totally wrecked. The crew were saved by the daring efforts of Lieut. Craven, of the U. S. Navy, Lieut. Collinson, of the British Navy, and others who accompanied them. A number of other vessels were injured.

WESTERN "HELP."—The author of "A New Home," says she once had a damsel living with her, who used to put her head in at a door, with—"*Miss Clavers, did you holler? I thought I heered a yell.*"

A LOSS.—The large steam flooring mill, belonging to Mr. Robert Worth, in Gallipolis, Ohio, was totally destroyed by fire, on the morning of the 2d inst. Several other buildings were in danger, and one or two at one time on fire, but were saved by great exertions of the citizens, altogether unaided by fire apparatus of any kind. The mill thus destroyed had been running several years, and had been erected at a cost of about $10,000.

GREAT YIELD.—The Circleville, Ohio, Herald of Saturday, notices the product of a single grain of wheat on the ground of Mr. D. Smoot, in Jackson township, of that county, which is really astonishing. This "solitary" grain produced thirty-three stalks of wheat, on thirty-two of which were well-formed heads, averaging sixty grains to the head—the increase being thus nearly two thousand fold! The wheat was of the red chaff species—sown about the 15th of October, and harvested the 10th July.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE ALLEGHENY.—The Warren (Pa.) Democrat states that the new bridge across the Allegheny at that place, is rapidly progressing.

DEFUNCT.—The Buffalonian is suspended. The great Ego is no more.

INTERESTING TO AMERICAN LADIES.—Mrs. Gutzlaff, the benevolent lady of the Rev. Mr. G. whose travels and missionary services in China have rendered his name so famous, writes from Macao to a lady in Philadelphia, (as we learn from the U. S. Gazette,) that she is actively and successfully engaged in teaching blind Chinese girls. She solicits aid of fancy articles from American ladies, to be sent to Macao to sell, for the benefit of the institution which she has commenced, and also wishes to know if a pupil could be received in some one of our schools. Mrs. G. gives the preliminary education, and then sends her pupils to England to finish their studies. Miss Aqui, one of her pupils, writes some letters out as specimens of the success of her preceptress.

HARD TIMES.—The Editor of the Newark Eagle went out on a collecting excursion, and after encountering heavy storms in two days ride through the mountains, besides spending $4, found, on his return, his receipts to be just *three dollars!*

LIBEL.—James Hough, a sausage merchant of New York, has recovered damages to the amount $200, with costs, from a Mr. John Reed, for a libel, in which the plaintiff's professional character was ridiculed in a half dozen stanzas of miserable *dog*-grel.

REWARD FOR MURDERERS.—Mr. David Aumen, of Ohio, offers a reward of $800 for the apprehension of the murderers of Col. Michael N. Aumen, murdered for his money on the 6th of March, 1838, thirteen miles above Baton Rogue in that State, on the road leading to Bayou Sara. He had about his person articles marked with his name and initials.

ANOTHER MURDER.—The Mobile Advertiser says, "From our book keeper, we have just received the following information: *Mount Pleasant Oct. 26.* "On the evening of the 17th inst. Mr. John Bradford, who lives below this place, and very near Little River, was shot dead while rising from the supper table. Twelve buck shot entered his head, killing him instantly. A young man, a carpenter, who was also at table, whose name is not remembered, was also killed at the time—one buck shot having entered his temple. The latter is supposed to have been accidentally killed. It is not known who perpetrated the deed, although some two or three persons have been taken up on suspicion, but discharged. There has been for some time past an enmity between two families here—this one and the Lambert family. One of the Bradfords murdered, last August, one of the Lamberts. A reward is offered for his apprehension. It is probable that they either did it, or had it done."

THE PROPOSED RAILROADS and public works in Illinois comprise 340 miles, and will cost $11,500,000.

PROGRESS OF ART.—The premium of $200 for a design for the new Town Hall, Baltimore, has been awarded to Mr. Long of that city. Mr. Jones, of the State, received the second premium of $100. So numerous were the beautiful designs offered, illustrating so strikingly the rapid progress of the architectural arts, in which our country is most deficient, that it was found difficult to decide which to prefer.

The printing establishment of the "Westmoreland Intelligencer" has been purchased by Mr. John Armstrong, of Greensburg.

RIOTERS LOCKED UP.—About half a dozen individuals, who had been presented by the Grand Jury of Baltimore for riot and breaking the furniture of a house, were taken in custody on Saturday night, and lodged in the jail of that city to await their trial.

THE GREAT WESTERN sailed on Saturday, and took out only about thirty passengers. She carried letters, however, to the value of $2500 postage money.

A FIERCE CHAP.—The Jefferson (Mo.) Inquirer, of the 31st ult. states that an Irishman, named John Cain, who was confined in jail in that place, on a charge of larceny, effected his escape, and on getting out, set fire to the building, by which it was entirely consumed.

THE OLDEST HOUSE in the United States is said to be one built in 1639, by the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, in Guilford, Conn. which is of hammered stone, and commands a fine view of Long Island Sound.

INGENIOUS SWINDLER.—Charles Deyerlein, a German, married and living in Wooster Street, New York, taking advantage of the absence from that city of a Mr. Dannewolf, who had come to Philadelphia in search of employment, went to the boarding house of Mr. D's. wife, and persuaded her that she had been deserted—that her lord had no intention of returning—and that it would be prudent in her to accept the generous offer he made of sheltering herself and her children. She accordingly proceeded to his house, leaving a chest of clothing at her boarding-place, in pledge for a small balance due. Four days after Mr. Dannewolf returned to the city, and disproved the assertion of Deyerlein. His motive in the affair was soon discovered by finding that he had gone to Mrs. D's. landlord, paid the bill, and carried off her chest, the contents of which he had sold and applied to his own use. The rascal should be published the world over.

SUICIDE IN PRISON.—A man by the name of Oliver Carey, who was committed to prison in New York a few weeks since on the charge of murdering a colored man by the name of William Harris committed suicide on Saturday night last. He seemed to be in good health, but depressed in spirit, on the last visit paid him, on Friday evening, by one of the attendants of the prison. The same persons on going to his cell the next morning, found him hanging by the neck immediately over the door, cold and lifeless. He had torn a piece of iron from his bunk, and had driven it into the wall immediately over the door. To this he had fastened a rope made of strips from his blanket, and thus hung himself.

TOLLS.—The tolls collected on the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal at Bristol, for the present year, were $19,473 41, being an excess over last year of $2500. At Easton during the same period, they were $70,230, being an excess of $8500 over last year—the increase in 1839 over 1835, at this latter point, is $30,000, or almost double.

TAKE CARE HOW YOU DIRECT YOUR LETTERS.—As a caution to those who mail letters, to be careful how they direct them, we give the following which has come to light. A letter written in May last, and enclosing a check on New Orleans, drawn by the Union Bank of Mississippi for $1000, payable on the 1st of July last intended for a New York House, was, by mistake, in the hurry of writing, endorsed New Orleans, whither it went, and finally found its way to the dead letter office at Washington. The proper owners in New York have recovered it.

AMERICAN WHEAT.—It is estimated that the surplus wheat alone in Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, will be 16,000,000 of bushels, or 2,000,000 quarters, equal to one half the deficiency of the whole grain crop of England, and double the deficiency of the wheat crop of Great Britain.

PROSPEROUS.—At the fourth annual meeting of the stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad, a report was made by the President, which represented the affairs of the Company to be in a most prosperous condition, and its future prospects highly flattering. He stated that the nett profits for the last five months upon the Railroad and stage line, that is, from the depot at Wilmington to the depot at Weldon, were $96,000.

OLD OFFENDERS.—Among the persons recently tried and convicted at Cincinnati, was a man who was sentenced to twenty years labor in the Penitentiary, for the crime of arson. He is supposed to have been concerned in all or most of the fires that occurred in Cincinnati during the past summer. There is an individual now in the Moyamensing prison, awaiting sentence, who will in all probability meet a like fate, as he has already plead guilty to *eleven* indictments, three of which are for horse stealing.

TECHNICALITIES.—The Boston Post says: "The most remarkable case which came on yesterday, was that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts *versus* William Moore, who was charged with having smoked a "*lighted cigar*" in the street; but as the proof was that he only smoked a pipe, he was discharged."

KILLING JUSTIFIED.—We learn that a Mr. Dewen, a cabin passenger on board the steamboat St. Louis, on the Mississippi, was on the 29th ult. shot by Col. S. C. Richardson, of Missouri, and almost instantly expired. An examining court, after hearing all the testimony in the case, fully acquitted Mr. R. as he acted purely in self defence—he having received two blows with a hickory stick before he fired, one of which felled him to the floor, and cut a gash in his head three or four inches long and half an inch wide.

COUNTERFEITER DETECTED.—Ephraim Low, suspected of being the Northern agent of the Western dealers in counterfeit money, was arrested at his residence, in Groton, (Vt.) on the 10th inst. Four packages of bills were found in his trunk, each purporting to contain $800 in counterfeit $5 bills on the Bank of Burlington, Vt. He has been a trader for many years in Groton, and lived in grand style. He was held to bail in $4000, to take his trial in December next.

VALUABLE APPLE TREE.—Col. Aaron Brigham, of Marlboro', Mass. picked from one tree this season twenty-two barrels of Baldwin apples, which he sold at his own door for $55.

BUSINESS SOUTH.—The Mobile Register of the 3d says that great activity prevails, and that the prospects of a first rate season are of the most promising character. In regard to the Cotton crop, the advices were most cheering. The amount of the crop this year, it was thought, would exceed that of the last by at least from 60,000 to 100,000 bales, in the exports from Mobile.

FLOUR.—Twenty thousand barrels of flour were inspected in Baltimore during the last week.

A JOKER.—Some of the New York papers are highly delighted at an occurrence which took place in Broadway last Saturday. A New York youngster went into Jersey, and won the affections of a young lady of a very respectable family, and then insulted *her* and her family by telling them that he was only joking. The brother repaired to New York, supplied himself with a pliable cowskin whip, and, having met the joking gentleman in Broadway, gave him a sound thrashing—such an one as no person thought of considering a joke. We are not in favour of summary process, but we think that Mr. Joker was properly paid for his joke.

SLAVERS.—The Baltimore Chronicle of yesterday says:—"We regret to learn that three gentlemen of this city, occupying respectable positions in society, were arrested and held to bail on Saturday, upon a charge of being concerned in fitting out vessels designed to be employed in the slave trade."

IRON-ICAL SERVICE OF PLATE.—Bird Patterson, Esq. of Pottsville, Pa. the proprietor of the Anthracite Furnace, has been presented with a service of plate made from the new iron of the furnace in that borough. It was cast by Messrs. Savery & Co. Anthracite Founders of Philadelphia.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—A burglar of the most daring description has been arrested near Greenbush, opposite Albany, in an old barn, which he had selected in the environs of the town as a depository for his plunder. The officers "removed his deposites."

The Island of Barbadoes contains a population of about 190,000, of which 40,000 are whites and 50,000 blacks.

MAMMOTH PUMPKIN.—S. G. Allen, Esq. of Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, Pa. raised a pumpkin this season which weighs two hundred and thirteen pounds, and measures six feet in circumference. Mr. Allen also has in his possession an apple tree limb, eighteen inches in length, which contains forty-six beautiful apples!

EXHAUSTLESS SUPPLY OF NATIVE IRON.—The cost of a railroad from the Iron Mountain (Mo.) to St. Louis (120 miles) is estimated at 2½ millions of dollars.

The Iron Mountain itself is represented to be about 400 feet in height, and three miles in length, literally covered with bright shining ore, having every appearance of metal which has been smelted. At the base of the mountain the ore is in pieces of a pound weight and upward, but as you approach the apex the pieces increase in size to thousands of tons weight, assuming the appearance of huge rocks, and these immense masses are of a quality superior to any thing of the kind heretofore known.

MAMMOTH BEETS.—The Village Record says: "The largest beet we ever beheld was brought to the Record office a few days ago, by Mr. Curtis James, of Westtown. It was two feet long and 30 inches in circumference, and weighed 27 pounds without the top! Mr. C. has another which is only one pound short of the one brought to the office. Of all esculents, the beet, in the rich soil of Chester county, seems to bring forth the most astonishing yield."

NEW PAPER.—Stephen D. Mackintosh, Esq. who founded a newspaper at our antipodes, at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, (the Sandwich Island Gazette) and edited with such signal ability, has returned home to America, and gone to St. Louis, Missouri, to establish a paper. It will, we learn from Mr. M. as he passed through here, be free of party politics, and from our knowledge of his tact, quaint humor and originality, we may predict for him complete success.

FISH.—The Detroit papers state that delicious white fish are caught in great abundance in that vicinity.

Political Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In Boston, at the recent election, there were were ten split tickets. Each party, by a little management of figures, gives its candidate for Governor a small majority. Nothing definite will probably be known until the publication of official returns.

MICHIGAN ELECTION.—Judge Woodbridge, the whig candidate for Governor of Michigan, has been elected by 1466 majority. Last year Mason's (dem.) majority was 142. To the Senate there have been elected 8 whigs, 2 dem. To the House, 33 whigs, 13 dem.

HON. J. C. CALHOUN.—The Mobile Advertiser states that Hon. J. C. Calhoun was about to visit Alabama, where his political friends were preparing to welcome him.

GEORGIA.—The inauguration of the Governor of Georgia, Judge McDonald, took place at Milledgeville, on the 6th inst. in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.

GEN. SCOTT.—The *New York American*, an old and influential whig paper, has come out openly in favor of General Scott, as a candidate for the Presidency, in preference to Mr. Clay. It regards the former as more available.

SCOTT AGAIN.—General Scott has been nominated for the Presidency, by the Whigs of Monroe county, New York.

The Whig majority in New York, as officially reported, is 4380.

Naval and Military Affairs.

THE NAVAL LYCEUM at the Brooklyn Navy Yard now comprises a valuable library of 8000 volumes, and a Museum of curiosities from every quarter of the world. There is also a collection of portraits of the Presidents of the United States and of our naval heroes.

THE U. S. SHIP VANDALIA, has arrived at Norfolk from Pensacola. She has been absent five years. During the whole of that period, she has been in active service in the West Indies. During this long cruise, says a correspondent of the Norfolk Beacon "time has worked sad mutations among the officers and men. All, save one individual, had one after another, "given up the ship;" James Brooke, Esq. her late Purser, alone clung to her up to the moment of her departure from Pensacola—when he was transferred as Purser of that Yard and station, he and Purser White having been permitted by the Department to exchange situations.

This vessel was built at Philadelphia. On her arrival, on Monday, and after she had anchored off Town Point, Capt. Levy, her commander, sent a messenger ashore to the Mayor, announcing his desire to salute the town; and receiving from that officer, an assurance that it should be returned, a salute was accordingly fired by the Vandalia, which was returned yesterday, at 12 o'clock, by the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.

SHIPS OF WAR.—On the 2d inst. the Erie and Levant sloops of War went to sea from Pensacola, and the Macedonian and the French frigate La Gloire the day after. The Ontario was the only Man of War at Pensacola, except the French brig Dunois.

NAVAL.—A detachment of 30 U. S. seamen, intended for the schooner Flirt, arrived at Baltimore from Norfolk, on Thursday. The Flirt is said to be a vessel of most beautiful model, and will do great credit to the skill and reputation of our ship builders. She will, as soon as she is ready, be commanded by Lieut. McLaughlin, and will sail for the Florida coast, where she will be employed during the winter in aiding the United States troops in that quarter.

Personal Items.

MAJOR NOAH is endeavoring to get up a theatrical fund, for the benefit of decayed actors.

MR. CRARY.—The Detroit Free Press states that the Hon Isaac E. Crary, member of Congress, from Michigan, lies seriously ill at his residence in Marshall.

REV. MR. PIERPONT, of Boston, has been recalled to the Hollis Street Church.

COMMENDABLE.—The private property of Mr. Read, the President of the Erie Bank, has been pledged *by him*, for the redemption of all debts and demands against the institution.

REV. MR. BAYLES, a Presbyterian clergyman of Maryland, has determined to locate in Texas.

JAMES ASHMEAD, JR. ESQ. has been elected President of the Germantown Lyceum.

AMERICA VESPUCCI is sojourning at the Tremont House, Boston.

DEATH AT A PRAYER MEETING.—Mary Ann Howard fell from her chair while attending a prayer meeting, in New York, on Friday evening, and instantly expired. She was sitting quietly, and apparently in good health—verdict death by apoplexy.

Mr. Wallack, after losing $5000, has been compelled to close the National Theatre, N. Y.

Mr. Mackenzie has issued another number of his Gazette.

Financial Record.

THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.—This institution has sent a detailed statement of its affairs to the Auditor General, at Harrisburg. It would, as we learn, have been sent before, but that it could not be made out so rapidly and promptly as some desired. The statement has not yet reached Philadelphia, but is said to be highly favorable. We shall publish it at length in our next.

SPECIE COMING.—The ship Adelaide which arrived at this port on Saturday last, 16th inst. had on board *one hundred thousand dollars* in specie for the Bank of the United States. We like to chronicle such imports.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.—It is confidently predicted, that the Banks of this city will resume specie payments on the 7th of January next, on which day the ninety days allowed them by law, will expire.

NOT COMMON.—The Mobile Advertiser of the 6th says that the Mobile Bank, with $250,000 in specie, has a circulation of only $80,000.

A NEW BANK.—The project of establishing a Hamilton Bank at Baltimore, has been abandoned for the present.

THE BANK OF PENSACOLA has suspended specie payments.

TEXAN LOAN.—The New Orleans Bulletin states that the Texan loan of $5,000,000 has been negotiated in England, at 8 per cent. interest per annum, payable annually, and redeemable in thirty years.

STATE OF MARYLAND *vs.* SHINPLASTERS.—A suit was brought, at Baltimore, against Mauldin Perine, treasurer of the Western Mechanics' Savings Institution, for issuing small notes of a less denomination than five dollars. It is the intention of the Attorney General of the State, if the judgment of the Court sustains the State in the prosecution, to enter suits, forthwith, against every bank, banking institution and person thus violating a statute of the State in such case made and provided. By the by, there is an attempt making to put Baltimore $1 shinplasters afloat in this city. Beware of them.

MONEY AFFAIRS IN NEW YORK.—The New York Money Market is somewhat easier.—After several months of constant strain on our Banks, says the Express, we have at length an appearance of a change. The Exchange being in favor of the country, our banks are no longer drained of specie, and they are relieved from all fears of any heavy drafts on them. They consequently begin to discount more freely.

RICHMOND.—The Richmond Compiler says: The times are tight but free from panic. Money is scarce, and the Banks discount with caution. Exchange on New York is difficult to obtain at all, and occasions our greatest source of embarrassment.

CANADA RESUMPTION.—The Banks of Upper Canada have resumed specie payments under an act of the Legislature, which authorises them to pay out English silver at a rate compared with our currency of one shilling for twenty-five cents. This amounts to a debasement of Canada currency to the extent of ten or twelve per cent. This measure was adopted, we are told, for the purpose of preventing the Banks from being called on for specie, and so keep the coin at home.

THE WESTERN BANKS.—There are forty-two Safety Fund Banks and two branches, located west of Albany. Statements from all but seven of these were furnished to the Bank Commissioners at Auburn, during the last week. Their condition, as compared with the first of January last, is as follows:

37 Banks	Capital	Loans & disc't	Circul'n
1st Jan. 1839,	7,640,000	14,105,034	6,038,389
5th Nov. 1839,	7,640,000	13,321,846	4,945,194

It is known that the circulation of the River and city banks has decreased in a still greater proportion.

BANK CHARTERS IN OHIO.—The following table in relation the periods at which the charters of the various banks of Ohio will expire, is not without interest.

Miami Ex. Com.	1843	Zanesville	1843
Marietta	43	Franklin Cincinnati	43
Chillicothe	43	Wooster	50
Steubenville	43	do. German	43
Muskingum	43	Massillon	55
West Union	43	Xenia	50
Far. & Mec. Cincinnati	43	New Lisbon	43
Far. & Mec. Steubenville	43	LafayetteCincinnati	43
Scioto	43	Circleville	55
Canton	43	Sandusky	50
Gallipolis	43	Clinton, Columbus	50
Circleville	43	Ohio Life & Trust Co.	perpetual
Little Miami Canal Bank	43	Granville	do.
Urbana	43	Dayton	43
St. Clairesville	43	Lancaster	43
Geauga	44	Franklin, Columbus	43
Cincinnati Commercial Bank	44	Lake Erie	43
Norwalk	50	Cleveland	54
		Mount Pleasant	43
		Hamilton	43

The Ohio Life and Trust Company will be subject to legislation, we believe, in 1843.

A TOUGHER.—Specie, says the New York Journal of Commerce, "comes faster and faster, and is less and less desired by our banks. Twenty thousand dollars was offered one of them in deposit yesterday morning. The cashier shook his head, and, not to be rude, opened his vault door and showed his heap, saying, 'there is more than we want.'"

CINCINNATI BANKS.—The banks of Cincinnati, receive and pay out at par, the notes of Indiana, and Kentucky banks, which they previously refused altogether, or received at a discount. The Cincinnati Gazette of the 13th has the following:

The resumption of specie payments by our banks has not been attended with any run upon them. It is looked upon, as it really is, as a matter of necessity, and has been entirely without effect upon our money market.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—*Frederick County Bank, Frederick, Md.*—1's altered to 10's. The genuine 1's have for a Vignette—figure of a female kneeling, with a sickle in one hand, and a sheaf of wheat in the other. The spurious 10's have the same, and by a slight examination can be easily detected.

Bank of Pittsburgh, at Pittsburgh, Pa.—20's spurious—letter C. dated Jany. 1, 1839, (other various dates, and payable to different persons,) payable to E. Woods. They have for a vignette, a female leaning on an urn filled with flowers. The genuine 20's have for a vignette a blacksmith seated on an anvil, surrounded by his implements of trade.

Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, Cleveland, O.—10's spurious—vignette—Genius of Liberty reclining on the arms of Ohio. Leonard Case, President, T. P. Handy, Cashier.

Butchers, and Drovers, Bank, New York.—20's altered from 3's. In the true twenty dollar bills, the words "the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank" are in capitals in a semi-circle on the head of the bill, and the vignette representing cattle, is on the left hand margin; whereas in threes, altered, the words "Butchers' and Drovers' Bank" are in a straight line in the centre of the bill, and the vignette representing cattle is on the head of the bill.

City Bank, New York.—5's let B b (in German Text) payable to E. Hall, dated Oct. 1 1838, signed G. A. Worth, cashier, and Daniel Wright, President. Vignette, two steamboats—on the right margin, Locomotive, &c.—on the left, medallion head of Dewitt Clinton. Paper white and thin, and whole appearance faint and bad. Purport to be engraved by Draper, Underwood, Bald & Spencer.

Planter's Bank of New Orleans, at N. Orleans.—No such Bank in existence.—*Reporter.*

WASHINGTON BANKING COMPANY.—The failure of the Washington Bank, New York—one of the institutions organised under the general banking law—was upon a note for $33,000 given to the N. A. Trust and Banking Company, in payment for $25,000 Arkansas stock, which was deposited with the late Comptroller, Mr. Flagg, as security for the issues of the Washington Bank.

The News, published at St. Augustine says, "It is a matter of gratulation to announce, as well as evidence of the skilful management of the interests of the Southern Life & Trust Company, that amid the almost general suspension of specie payment, it is enabled to meet all of its issues by a prompt redemption.

GEORGIA BANKS.—Gov. Gilmore, of Geo. devotes a part of his opening message to the Legislature, to the Banking Institutions. In regard to the suspension, he says that "if permitted to go unnoticed, by the Legislature, it will tend to produce an insecurity and vacillation in bank issues and credit, effecting most injuriously the relation of debtor and creditor, and the general wealth and prosperity of the community. The conduct of many of the banks, he thinks, shows the slight control which the obligation to perform their contracts has over them, and the probability that they will use the opportunity which the suspension gives them, of making profit from it, unless restrained by efficient laws.

It is believed that the Great Western did not take out one thousand dollars in specie, on Saturday last.

RHODE ISLAND.—The New York American says, that about one-half of the banks in Providence, have determined to resume specie payments provided that a majority of all the banks in the city will join them.

BOSTON MONEY MATTERS.—The Boston Advertiser says, money continues scarce and high in the *street*, but it should be remarked to the credit of the *banks*, that they are constantly discounting for their regular customers to the extent of their available means, as far as their own safety will allow. The consequence is, that an immense amount of relief is in this way afforded to the mercantile community generally, and it is the aid derived from this source, which enables the merchants of this city to meet their engagements promptly, in the midst of so much derangement and perplexity of money affairs. What is done in the streets is at the highest rate which money lenders can obtain. The direct tendency which the present scarcity of money and derangement of exchanges has to check business, is too generally known to require comment.

NEW BANK.—An institution has been organised at Buffalo under the general banking law, having for its name—"The Western Agency Bank," E. G. Spalding and others associates. At a meeting of the directors held November 8th, E. G. Spalding, Esq. was elected president, and John R. Lee, cashier. The institution goes into operation immediately.

SPECIE.—The *Pittsburgh Gazette* says: "We have the best authority for asserting that the whole reduction [of specie in the Pittsburgh Bank,] in near six weeks, is about *eleven thousand* dollars. Two weeks ago, the reduction was a little over fourteen thousand; but since then, the amount of specie has been gradually increasing."

INDIAN NEWS.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE.—We gather the following from the Charleston Courier of Monday last:

St. Augustine, Nov. 8.

On Sunday last, the 3d November, a baggage wagon, with an escort of seven men, proceeding from Fort Micanopy to Fort Wheelock, was fired upon by a party of 30 Indians, killing 3 mules, 1 horse, and wounding 2 others. The teamster was mortally wounded, and a private named Bosson, was very severely so. The firing being heard at Fort Micanopy, a relief was sent out, but before they came up to the ground, the Indians had succeeded in plundering the wagon of tents, powder, provisions, &c. and made their escape.

We learn by the arrival of the schr. Medium, Captain Magee, from Key Biscayne, that the wounded Indian, who some time since went into Fort Lauderdale for medical assistance, has informed Major Childs that Coacoochee has placed the women and children in the Pahaiokee, or grass water, for security; and that he is prepared for a vigorous defence of himself and followers. On the accession of troops, sufficiently strong to reinforce those now South, the Indian offers to take them to Coacoochee's ground of defence.

Commander Mayo, of the U. States steamer Poinsett, has gone into the everglades, with 50 men.

FLORIDA.—Four Indians came into Tampa on the 26th ult. with white feathers in their turbans, as a symbol of peace, for the purpose of holding a talk with the commanding officer.—They were immediately confined in the block house, as prisoners. One of them, it is believed, fired the evening before at an express rider, about twenty miles from the post, but missed him.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

BRITISH NATIONAL DEBT.—Blackwood's Magazine states, that the Tory Government in the space of fifteen years after the Battle of Waterloo, had paid off eighty millions sterling of the debt; reducing it from 865 millions, to 785 millions. And that the Whig Government has increased the debt a million a year during the eight years of its administration. The writer prophesies that the change in the Post Office Law will produce a further deficit of one million a year, so that hereafter the yearly increase of debt will be two millions sterling.

It is stated that if the taxes had been kept up to the standard of 1815, there would *now* have been paid off 400 millions of the debt; nearly one half.

By a statistical table in the same article we perceive that the population of Great Britain and Ireland has increased in 24 years, from 19 to 27 millions.

BRITISH DUTIES ON BREAD STUFFS.—The following table, copied from Elliott's British Tarif, and showing the rate of duty imposed in England on foreign wheat and flour, possesses interest at this time:

Whenever the average price of British Wheat shall be per qr.	Duty per qr.			Duty per bbl. flour of 196 lbs.		
s.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
at 40	2	6	8	1	8	0¼
50	1	16	8	1	2	0¼
60	1	6	8		16	0¼
65	1	1	8		13	0¼
66	1	0	8		12	5¼
67		18	1		11	2¼
68		16	8		10	0¼
69		13	8		8	2¼
70		10	8		6	5
71		6	8		4	0¼
72		2	8		1	7¼
at and above 73		1	0			7¼

Wheat, the produce of Canada or the British possessions, is 5s. per quarter duty when the average price of British wheat is under 67s. at over that price the duty is 6d. the quarter or eight bushels.

A LION TAMER.—It is stated in a Paris paper that Van Amburg had tamed the lion sent as a present to Gen. Jackson, in four days. The story runs that the laws of this country forbidding the President to receive presents from a royal cotemporary, the animal was sold, and was taken in all his native ferocity to Paris, and introduced to Van Amburg for the first time. That intrepid individual having determined publicly to enter the cage, the prefecture of police grew very much alarmed and insisted upon a previous experiment, so as to be satisfied that no damage would result from so hazardous an experiment; that on the public exhibition he was astonishingly successful, and two thousand spectators, who witnessed it, were raised to an indescribable pitch of anxiety and terror, only to be succeeded by admiration at the boldness and courage of the feat.

FROM MONTEVIDEO.—The Boston Courier of Friday last says: Captain Read of the brig Russian, arrived last evening from Montevideo, states that the country remained in the same disordered state as heretofore. The troops of Entre Rios sent forward by Rosas to countenance any movement in favor of Oribe, the late deposed President, to the amount of 5000 or 6000, were within about three days march of Montevideo, but no attack was immediately intended. Fructos Riviera, the acting President of the Banda Oriental, was in the interior, with about 2000 troops, encamped at a short distance from the Entre Rios troops, and watching their movements. Several small parties had collected to depose Rivera, but had been dispersed by the troops of the government. The French squadron was taking in three months provision, in anticipation of Montevideo being besieged, and it was stated that they intended to land 1000 troops to garrison that city.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Published every Saturday, by
DU SOLLE & GRAHAM,
No. 36 Carter's Alley,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank
TERMS—$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$1 25, for six months.
Payable in Philadelphia without discount or charge. Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers while arrearages are due.

ERRATUM.—In our last number, we gave place to an article by J. F. Caldwell, Esq. on Dental Surgery, and by oversight, permitted an important error in its phraseology to go uncorrected. Instead of "the teeth naturally tend to *impugn*" read "*impinge* upon, and support each other" and the sense in its appropriate dress will be apparent.

SHORT AND SWEET.—We hope that our subscriber will excuse us, but his letter is so good an example, that we cannot help laying it before our readers:

Vincennes, Ia. 6th Nov. 1839.
$2 for Sat. Eve. Post for 1840.
Cr. L. L. WATSON.

Reader! "Go thou and do likewise."

☞ Our thanks are due D. A. BULKLEY, Esq. of Jacksonville, Illinois, for the prompt and efficient manner in which he is performing the duties of an agent.

INFORMATION WANTED of H. Wright, A. J. McCall, L. Abbott, of Hamilton College, N. J. each due two years to this office. We are determined that hereafter all defaulters shall be exposed.

Of Wm. Bull, late of Wortington, Ohio.
Of A. Lechler, late of Lancaster, Pa.

☞ MR. GEORGE TAYLOR, whom we noticed some weeks since, as indebted to us, has called on us, and states that he left Bloomsbury, New Jersey, a year since, and notified the Post Master to order a discontinuance, which was neglected. We are happy to say that he called, paid for the paper, and entered his name for the coming year.

We regret that the mistake should have occured, but we are determined in every instance, to make a public exposure where the circumstances warrant it. If we do wrong to any, we shall, as in the case of Mr. Taylor, make the correction.

☞ F. M. CAPEHEART, of Murfreesboro', N. C. is no longer the agent of this paper, or of the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine,—and subscribers of either at that, or any other place, are requested not to pay any money to him on our account.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET, FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 21, 1839.

Remarks.—The Market generally has been heavy this week. Dealers continue to purchase sparingly, and the stock of goods on hand, of almost all kinds is very light. There has been a sensible improvement in money affairs, and the very limited operations of the few past months induce a belief that in a short time all difficulties will be worked through, and money once more be at reasonable rates.

Bark.—The operation in Quercitron reach to about 150 hhds. at $46 a ton, at which price we quote the market heavy and no disposition on the part of buyers to operate in it. Sales have been made of Spanish Oar at $15, and of Peach at $9.

Coffee.—The operations in Coffee during the past week, have been limited and confined to small lots. Among them we notice 100 bags St. Jago at 10a11c. and 700 of Rio, in parcels, at 11a12½c. principally however at 11½a12c.

Flour and Meal.—Considering the light stock on hand, the sales of the past week have been active and to a fair extent. They amount to near 5000 barrels, almost all of which has been taken for export. The price has been chiefly $6.25, though in the early part of the week a few hundred barrels commanded $6.37½, and a small lot sold as high as $6.50. The market however immediately gave way to $6.25 at which price it has since ruled, and we quote it as offered at that price. The light stock on hand is chiefly caused by the low state of the water preventing the mills from grinding.

Considerable sales of Corn Meal have been made at $4 in barrels, at which price it is still held. In hhds we quote the price at $17.

Grain.—The arrivals have been light during the past week. Corn has still further declined in price, and sales of old Yellow have been made at 66 a 67c, and of White at 60c; New commands 55c. In Rye nothing is doing; it is held nominally at 70c. Sales of Oats at 31 a 32c.—Wheat is coming in slowly, and sales of Southern are made at $1,19 a 1,20, and of Pennsylvania on the Canal at $1,15 a 1,17. Flaxseed is held at $1,16.

Hemp—Continues dull and the transactions in all kinds are very limited. We note a small sale of Italian at $210.

Molasses.—The transactions are heavier than they have been for some weeks past, though still limited. We hear of sales of 250 hhds Trinidad at 31 a 32c, and of 42 Matanzas at 30 a 31c.

Naval Stores—Continue without any change, and demand is for small lots, except Spirits of Turpentine, of which the sales have been fair at 30c.

Oils—We have no change to note in either price or demand since our last.

Provisions.—The stock is much reduced and operations limited. We quote for a good article of Mess Pork, $16, as a fair rate. Sales of Prime at 11½ a 12½. Hams 8 a 10½, Shoulders 6½ a 7, Sides 7 a 8.

Rice—Small sales at 4 a 4¼, according to quality.

Sugars.—There is good demand for a fair article, the stock in this market being confined almost exclusively to common qualities. We note sales of 500 boxes Cuba Browns at 8 a 8¼, 100 hhds and 300 bbls common St. Jago at 7¾ a 8¼; a few hhds Porto Rico interior at 7cts.

Tobacco.—Operations are limited and without any change in prices.

CATTLE MARKET.—*Beeves.*—The arrivals at Johns' Union Drove Yard, Ridge Road, amounted to 138 head at Monday's market, and 346 yesterday. The sales were extremely dull, and prices ranged from as low as $6 to $8. Full 200 head were left over.

Cows and Calves.—The arrivals at Thompson's Yard Callowhill street, amounted at the two market days, Saturday and Wednesday, to 170 head, which ranged from $23 to $40—extra $45. Sales dull.

Hogs.—Full 500 head at Thompson's Yard, and 62 at Johns'. Sales at from $6,50 to $7.50.

Sheep.—The stock of common sheep is abundant, and sales dull at from $1,50 to $3,75.

HAY AND STRAW MARKET.—*Hay.*—Best Timothy brings $16 per ton—other sorts in proportion.

Straw.—Good Rye commands $7,50 per 100 bundles.—*North American.*

STRANGE ACCIDENT.—Mr. Timothy Caldwell, of Staunton, (Va.) on Friday week, in the act of slaughtering a beef, stabbed himself in the thigh and bled to death in a few minutes.

☞ Agents will please endorse their letters, and Post masters frank *in full*. To constitute a *frank*, it is necessary to write the name of the Post Master in full, and the word "free" also.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Nov. 15, received from		*Nov. 18, received from*	
S. H. Smith,	$2 00	C. Blush, Esq.	2 00
Ichabod I. Watson,	2 00	Joseph Dickson,	1 00
E. H. Garwood, Esq.	3 00	P. P. Hobbell, Esq.	2 00
Charles Ward,	5 00	E. Ely, Esq.	2 00
Geo. E. Craig,	2 00	I. F. Easton, agt.	100 00
E. Colson, Esq.	2 00	A. G. Spalding, Esq.	2 00
Jacob Maurer,	5 00	*Nov. 19.*	
Nov. 16.		D. H. Y. Moss, Esq.	1 00
A. W. Danby, Esq.	6 00	John Cooper, Esq.	8 00
R. Banns, Esq.	4 00	Wm. Ligler,	2 00
L. H. Kisler,	9 00	H. M. Godden, Esq	5 00
J. S. Wyman, Esq.	2 00	C. N. B. Knapp, agt.	15 00
C. H. W. Palfrey,	2 00	W. B. Grayson,	10 00
Jacob W. Walter,	3 00	C. Carter,	6 00
L. L. Watson,	2 00	I. E. Holbrook,	3 00
D. Whitmore, agt.	30 00	A. Pahnet, Esq.	2 00
J. Kevill, Esq.	5 00	Ira Suover,	2 00
I. Russell, Esq.	2 00	*Nov. 20.*	
S. S. Phelps, Esq.	5 00	B. Catlin,	2 00
A. H. Halleck, Esq.	2 00	H. P. Mabry,	5 00
Nov. 18.		D. S. Green,	3 00
A. Tuston, Esq.	10 00	J. J. W. Donell, Esq.	4 00

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM

MR. COLEMAN'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

THIS EVENING, November 23—Mr. C. will be assisted by the following Artists, Mrs. Watson, Miss Clarence Wells, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Quayle, and Mr. Watson.

ELECTRO MAGNETISM—The Concert is postponed till 8 o'clock, to give visitors an opportunity for an evening inspection of the Electro Magnetic Rail-road, in the centre of the Saloon, constructed to carry passengers.

PART I.

BALLAD—Mr. Quayle, "Lassie would ye love me;" BALLAD—Miss Wells, "I will not chide the Archer Boy;" SONG—Mr. Hunt; NEW SONG—Mrs. Watson, "Love in a Chalet;" GRAND FANTASIA—Accordion, with the Favorite Piece of "The Flag of Liberty floats free," and Swiss Variations, never attempted by any one but himself; SONG—Mr. Quayle, "My Normandie;" SONG—Miss Wells, "Teach me to Forget;" SONG—Mrs. Watson, "Away to the mountain's brow;" DUETT—Miss Wells and Mr. Quayle, from the opera of the National Guard, "Come, dearest, come."

PART II.

DUETT—Mrs. Watson and Mr. Hunt, from the opera of La Sonnambula, "Take this Ring, 'tis thine Love," and "Oh, I cannot give expression;" BALLAD—Miss Wells, "Why don't the men propose, mamma;"—FANTASIA—Mr. Coleman, on the Accordion; SONG—Mr. Hunt; NEW SONG—Mrs. Watson, "To the Woods away;" NEW ROMANCE—Mr. Quayle, "The Hour before Day;" SONG—Miss Wells, "Now is'nt it a pity;" COMIC DUETT—Matrimonial Discussion on Dress, between Mr. and Mrs. Jones," by Miss Wells and Mr. Quayle, written by a gentleman of this city; THE LAUGHING FINALE—Mrs. Watson, Miss Wells, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Quayle, "Vadasi via di qua."

Tickets TWENTY FIVE CENTS, or (if purchased previous to the evening,) five for One Dollar.

Concert to commence at eight o'clock, precisely.

REMOVAL.—DR. WM. EVANS has removed his OFFICE in Philadelphia for the sale of his CHAMOMILE and APERIENT PILLS, and EVANS'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for Children Teething, to NO. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH, CORNER OF MARKET STREET, where all business connected with the sale of his Medicines, will in future be transacted; and where the above medicine may always be had GENUINE. WM. EVANS, M. D.

N. B.—The principal Office is at No. 100 Chatham Street, New York, where Communications, *by letter*, are requested to be made direct.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!—As there is a deleterious imitation of my GENUINE CHAMOMILE AND APERIENT PILLS in the market, the patrons of my medicines are requested to obtain their supplies at my Office, No. 100 CHATHAM ST. NEW YORK, or No. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH, CORNER OF MARKET ST. PHILADELPHIA, and to be particular in every instance to observe that the label on each Bottle, Box and Package, has the following notice, viz: "*Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1839, by William Evans, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District Court of New York.*" ALL OTHERS ARE COUNTERFEITS! WM. EVANS, M. D.

No. 3 South Seventh Street, (near the corner of Market) DR. EVANS'S ONLY OFFICE IN PHILADELPHIA, for the sale of his Genuine CHAMOMILE PILLS.

nov 23—3m WM. EVANS, M. D.

THE WEEKLY LEDGER—Is a newspaper of large size, stored with choice articles, condensed and clipped of all redundancy of expression, in order to present the greatest amount of information in the fewest words. Every late item of news foreign and domestic; occurrences of general interest; legislative proceedings; reports of trials; remarkable police cases; observations on matters and things; exposures of humbug, quackery, and imposition, of every kind; scientific intelligence; new inventions, discoveries and improvements in the arts; agricultural essays, and remarks on the management of farms, stock, gardens, dairies, &c. (under this head, much rare and important information respecting the cultivation of the morus multicaulis, Rohan Potato and sugar-beet,) literary and miscellaneous articles, such as tales, poetry, &c.—These, with every thing else that a newspaper should have, will be constantly found in the Weekly Ledger. The popularity and success of our daily paper are almost unequalled in this country, and it is merely necessary that the attractions of the WEEKLY should be generally known to make it equally popular and successful. The circulation is already very extensive and is rapidly increasing.

TERMS.—$2 per annum, or $1,25 for six months, payable in advance, invariably.

Letters enclosing money for subscriptions will receive attention, if directed to

SWAIN, ABELL & SIMMONS, Publishers,
nov 23—3t Corner of Dock and 3d Sts. Philada.

TRUE POMADE DIVINE. The great usefulness of this most excellent remedy is now so well known to all who have applied it, that no encomium is necessary. One trial will prove its efficacy.

It is used in all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, quickly removing PIMPLES, and by steady perseverance the most obstinate and long fixed complaints have been eradicated when all other means have failed. Instances of the most singular cures could be adduced.

It cures CHAPPED HANDS and LIPS, BURNS, and SCALDS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, and all sorts of SWELLINGS from falls or otherwise; STIFF NECK, SWELLING OF THE GLANDS, and will greatly relieve RHEUMATIC and GOUTY PAINS, fixed in any part. It is an excellent dressing for a BLISTER, removes the CHAFING OF INFANTS, and is invaluable for SORE BREASTS, particularly in lying in, its unfailing efficacy in this very trying case should be universally known. It is useful for a CANCER, before it is broken, for a GANGRENE, melting a little into the wound, for PAINS IN THE STOMACH, well rubbed in before the fire, for the PILES, and will prevent a FISTULA. If a little be well rubbed in for a few minutes on a BRUISE or PINCH it will prevent blackness. It is of great benefit to those afflicted with CORNS, and is invaluable for FROSTED FEET. It will prevent any inconvenience from the effect of cold weather, and will keep the HANDS and FACE perfectly SMOOTH, SOFT and PLEASANT. The delicacy of its fragrance renders it very agreeable. It is prepared with great care from BALSAMS and SPICES, and warranted not to contain a particle of any injurious ingredient; it will retain its virtues many years, in all climates, and is therefore useful to Travellers.

In glasses, with full directions price 25 and 50 cents, by S. FENNY, 13 SOUTH THIRD, St. Philadelphia, and in every city in the United States.

☞ None are Genuine without his signature on the label. A liberal allowance to Agents. oct 16—6m

PERMANENT CURE of a case of PULMONARY CONSUMPTION BY DR. HIGBEE'S REMEDY. A reference to the following testimonial from Miss Haviland, will show the effects of Dr. Higbee's extraordinary medicine in consumptive cases. By the last intelligence received from Miss Haviland, (only a few days since) we are informed that she continues entirely free from all symptoms of pulmonary diseases, so that *more than four years* have elapsed since her recovery, without any return of the complaint. Her certificate, as it will be seen, bears the date of August 10 1835.

NEW HANOVER, Burlington Co. N. J. Aug. 10th, 1835.

I do hereby certify, that I have been for many years afflicted with cough and pain in my breast, attended with expectoration of large quantities of blood and matter from my lungs, and I finally became so bad as to be confined to my bed. I had hectic fever, with slight sweats, diarrhœa, great emaciation, constant cough, and every one who saw me believed that I was in the last stage of consumption, and had no expectation that I would be any better. I was attended by Dr H. H. Higbee, and through the medicine prepared and presented by him, I was restored to health from my apparently desperate situation, and have since had no return of the pulmonary symptoms.

LYDIA HAVILAND.

OBSERVE!—Dr. Higbee's Remedy (though not offered as a specific or panacea) has been for many years used with unprecedented success in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Spleen, Whooping Cough, Colds, &c. &c. and has gained a reputation unequalled in the history of medicine. Dr. Higbee is a regular physician, a graduate of Jefferson College in this city, and has practised in his profession for the last eleven years with very great success. His medicine is mild, pleasant, and safe, under all circumstances. It may be obtained at his office, No. 37 NORTH FIFTH street, below Race street, with ample printed directions for use. Price $1 per bottle, or $5 per half dozen.

Also, of JOSEPH SCOTT, Wilmington, Delaware.
JOHN WIND'S Music Store, Lancaster, Pa.
BEAN & SHRACK, Norristown, Pa. nov 2—6m

ATTENTION BALD HEADS. NO APOLOGY FOR WIGS. Of all the remedies ever devised for the restoration and preservation of the HAIR, nothing has been found equal to ALIBERT'S OLEAGINOUS HAIR TONIC. It seldom fails to restore the hair to health and beauty. Many who were bald a few months ago, can now exhibit luxuriant heads of hair by the use of it.

Copy of a letter from Dr. S. S. Fitch.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir.—I feel that I can hardly say enough to you in favor of Alibert's Oleaginous Hair Tonic, prepared by you. My hair had been falling off about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness, when I commenced using this remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off.

I have used it now about three months, and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add, that before using the Tonic, I had tried 'most' all the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c. without experiencing any, if any benefit.

Respectfully yours, S. S. FITCH.
No. 172 Chesnut street.

Copy of a letter from C. C. Park, Pastor of the Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

HADDONFIELD, N. J. February 12, 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne—Sir—I take pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Alibert's Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But for two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now, after using about half a bottle of the "Tonic," I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK.

The Rev. LEONARD FLETCHER, Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Great Valley, Pa. who had been more or less bald for many years, used three bottles of the HAIR TONIC and has now a fine growth of new hair over all that part of his head what was bald, writes—

"My hair is growing finely, I assure you."

L. FLETCHER.

West Chester, Pa. March 2, 1839.

Mr. Bond, one of the Compositors in the office of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, who had lost nearly all his hair from off the top of his head, has had it completely restored by the use of this Tonic. Two Officers of the American Navy had good heads of hair restored to them by using five bottles each of this Hair Tonic, one of them was over sixty years of age. Four gentlemen connected with the Public Press in Philadelphia have also had their baldness removed by using this remedy. The Rev. Mr. PARKER, Pastor of the PRESBYTERIAN Church in Delaware County, Pa. who was completely bald over the whole top of his head, and was also becoming considerably gray, has used only two bottles of this Tonic, and has now a luxuriant growth of new hair upon his head, but the GRAY HAIRS have disappeared, and their places have been supplied by hair of a natural colour. Finally, in nine cases of baldness out of every ten may positively be removed by a faithful application of this valuable remedy. There is therefore, now, NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, sole proprietor, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. Price $1.00 a bottle.

nov 9—6m

ALMANAC.

November, 1839.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
23 Saturday,	7 12	4 48	4 11	
24 Sunday,	7 13	4 47	5 1	D. H. M.
25 Monday,	7 14	4 46	6 14	
26 Tuesday,	7 15	4 45	7 6	
27 Wednesday,	7 15	4 45	7 53	New 6 3 11
28 Thursday,	7 16	4 44	8 39	First 14 4 12
29 Friday,	7 17	4 43	9 19	Full 20 9 12
30 Saturday,	7 18	4 42	9 59	Last 27 5 23

Philadelphia Post Office.
Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at 7½ P.M.	Eastern closes at 4 P.M.
New York at 8 A.M. and 9 P.M.	New York at 5 A.M. and 4 and 8½ P.M.
Southern, 5 P.M.	Southern closes at 5 A.M.
Western, 5½ A.M. & 3½ P.M.	Western at 5 A.M. 1½ P.M.

Address to Young Men—The Rev. George Higgins will deliver an address to the Young Men, Sabbath evening, Nov. 24th, in the Meeting House of the Third Baptist Church, Second street above Catharine—to commence at half past six o'clock. Young Men are affectionately invited to attend.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. N. T. Brent, CHAS. F. BARCH, to MARY LOUISA PAGE.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE GALE, of Pa. to Miss SARAH BAKER, of Wilmington, Del.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 14, by the Rev. David Bigler, WILLIAM BOLLER, to EMMA E. eldest daughter of James Hansell, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 14th inst. by the Rev. Robt. Gerry, Mr. WILLIAM C. EDWARDS, to Miss ANNA P. HANLEY, all of this city.

On Thursday, 14th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JOHN W. GROW, of Philadelphia, to Miss ANN JHOLT, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On Thursday morning, 14th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Latta, Mr. ISAAC ABRAHAM, Merchant, Peru, Illinois, to Miss ELLEN R. daughter of the late Benj. Evans, of Chester county, Pa.

On Thursday evening, 14th inst. at Grace Church, by the Rev. Wm Suddards, Capt. J. BROWNE TILDEN, of this city, to SOPHIA C. daughter of the late Captain Phillip Meservey, of Charleston, S. C.

At Friends' Meeting, Mulberry street, on fifth day, 7th inst. WILLIAM M. COLLINS, to ELIZABETH C. COPE, daughter of Israel Cope, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 13th inst. before John Swift, Mayor, JOSHUA PANCOAST, to ANNA, eldest daughter of Richard Paxson.

At Lancaster, Pa, on Tuesday, 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Baker, JOHN S. HAVERSTICK, to MARY ELLEN, daughter of George Musser, Esq. of that city.

On Monday, November 18th, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. JOHN BALL, to Miss ELIZABETH ORTS, both of Southwark.

On Monday evening, 18th inst. by the Rev. Charles A. Smith, CHESTER LASELL, of Schoharie, N. Y. to SARAH M. daughter of General William Duncan.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. AARON H. BOYER, of Norristown, to Miss MARY B. SHALER, of Kensington.

On Tuesday, 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Mr. ROBERT MEADE, of Washington city, to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late R. A. Ricketts, Esq.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID HARPS, of Blockley, to Miss ELIZABETH B. LONGDALE, of the Northern Liberties.

DEATHS.

On the 16th inst. of pulmonary consumption, MARY, wife of Edward Fowler, in the 32d year of her age.

Oct. 8, 1839, at St. Francisville, La. HENRY P. HOPKINS, late of this city, Watchmaker.

At Westfield, Massachusetts, on Wednesday evening, 13th inst. of typhus fever, WILLIAM S. OTIS, eldest son of Isaac Otis, Esq. of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon, 13th inst. GEO. L. EVANS, aged 46 years.

On Thursday morning, 14th inst. AGNES MACKIE, sister to the late Peter Mackie, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. ELIZABETH AGNEW, aged 73 years.

On the 15th inst. SARAH, wife of John Loppsen, in the 23d year of her age.

On Tuesday evening, 13th inst. ELIZABETH STEPHENS, in the 68th year of her age.

Suddenly, on Thursday evening, Nov. 14, Mr. JAS. VALENTINE, a native of N. York, and for many years a respectable inhabitant of this city.

Suddenly, on Wednesday, 13th inst. in the 28th year of her age, MARGARET COFFIN, wife of Abbott Coffin.

At St. Augustine, on the 2d inst. Mr. HENRY WENTZ, of Philadelphia; on the 5th inst. of consumption, NATHANIEL STEPHENS, of New Jersey; on the 7th inst. DR. ANDREW ANDERSON, President of the Southern Life Insurance and Trust Company, of that city.

In Louisville, Ky. on the 4th inst. Mrs. PHEBE ANN, wife of Mr. Thomas G. Armstrong, formerly of this city.

On the 10th inst. at New Bedford, Massachusetts, JOSEPH ROTCH, son of William Rotch, leaving an amiable interesting family; of him it may be justly said, he was generous, kind, and humane in his character.

In this city, at the residence of his brother, John A. Hamilton, on Thursday, 14th inst. ANDREW HAMILTON, late of Baltimore, in the 29th year of his age.

Recently, in Galloway township, Atlantic county, New Jersey, PATRICK McCOLLUM, upward of 80 years of age, a soldier of the Revolution. He was for several months a prisoner in the Jersey Prison Ship at New York, and experienced during that time the awful sufferings of that most horrible place.

On Tuesday, 19th inst. Mr. HENRY BRADY, in the 29th year of his age.

At Chelsea, on Tuesday, 12th inst. of consumption, Mrs. MARY E. wife of Lt. A. J. Dallas, U. S. Navy.

In New Hope, Tuesday morning, 12th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. MARGERY ANN, wife of Isaac Van Horn, and daughter of the late General Samuel Smith, of Bucks county.

On Wednesday morning last, JOHN SMITH, Esq. in the 73d year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, 20th November, Mr. JOHN WATERMAN, in the 81st year of his age.

On the 1st inst. at Fallsington, Bucks county, Pa. HENRY ALLEN, son of Dr. Henry and Abigail Lippincott, of Hydrocephalus Internus, aged 18 months.

On Thursday, P. M. November 14, on his return from this city, to his residence in Bethlehem, in the 78th year of his age, the Rev. J. FREDERICK FRUEAUF.

In Edgmont township, Delaware county, on the 16th of November, LOUIS VERDRIES, storekeeper, in the 79th year of his age, long known and highly respected in his neighborhood, as one of the most peaceable and honest of men.

Health Office, November 16, 1839.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.

From the 9th to the 16th November.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	1	Brought over,	22	22
Apoplexy,	4	0	Inflammation, Abdominal,	0	1
Burns,	0	1	—Brain,	0	2
Croup,	0	1	—Bronchi,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	15	3	—Lungs,	1	2
Convulsions,	0	2	—Stomach,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	1	1	—Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	—Bowels,	1	0
—Head	0	6	—Peritoneum,	0	1
—Breast,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	2
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	1	0
—Stomach and Bowels,	2	0	Old Age,	1	0
—Liver,	1	0	Palsy,	2	0
—Uterus,	1	0	Puerperal Convulsions,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Rupture of a Blood Vessel,	1	0
Dysentery,	0	1	Scirrhus of Ovarium,	1	0
Debility,	1	1	Still Born,	0	8
Fever, Typhus,	2	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
—Typhoid,	1	0	Unknown,	1	1
—Scarlet,	0	3			
Hæmorrhage from Lungs,	1	0			
Carried over,	22	22	Total, 66—	43	43

Of the above there were 3 from the alms house, 7 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 10,	42	42	42
11,	37	43	44
12,	36	42	45
13,	43	51	52
14,	46	58	56
15,	56	61	62
16,	46	51	50

SALES OF STOCKS.
By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			price sold for.	par.
1470	shares	United States Bank,	81½a83¼	100
251	do.	Girard Bank,	37¾a38½	50
294	do.	Mechanics Bank,	34a36¼	35
20	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	33½a35	50
64	do.	Commercial Bank,	56a56¼	50
22	do.	Western Bank,	46	50
6	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	56½a56¾	50
426	do.	Kentucky Bank,	74¼a75½	100
33	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	71	100
255	do.	Com. & R. R. do. Vcks.	27½a29½	100
33	do.	Louisville Bank,	83	100
1	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	89	100
35	do.	Planters Bank, Miss.	55	100
173	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	45a45½	50
87	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	111	100
4	do.	Beaver Meadow R. R.	30	50
2	do.	Philadelphia Exchange,	65	100
18	do.	Penn. Fire Insurance,	139a136	400
20	do.	Illinois Land Co.	27½a28	50
114	do.	Schuylkill Nav. Co.	90a95	50
130	do.	Girard Trust,	23	50
73	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co (old)	55½	50
10	do.	Lehigh Coal, do. (new)	33	35

INFORMATION WANTED.

JOHN HILL, who lived sometime with Mr. John Crooch, and afterward was in the employ of Mr. Jeremiah Macmenomy, a Carpenter, in Orange street, in New York has not been heard of since he was on board the United States Cutter, MacLean at New Bedford, Massachusetts, from whence, it is thought, he went to the United States Ship Pennsylvania, sometime in the year 1837 or 1838, as a carpenter, it is believed. Should this meet his eye, he is requested to lose no time in writing to the undersigned; or, if this fall under the notice of any one acquainted with aught of the said John Hill, since his leaving the U. S. Cutter, MacLean, they are begged to communicate it to me. R. Hill, care of Mrs. Tschudys, Midington, E. S. Maryland.

☞ Editors in the United States will do an act of humanity, by giving the above one insertion. nov 9—3t

THE CASKET
AND PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW VOLUME.

THE unparalleled success which has attended The Casket since it came into the hands of the new proprietors, induces them to begin a volume with

Still Further Attractions

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT.

ITS LITERARY CHARACTER.

Which has called forth so many comments, will undergo no change; as the Magazine will still continue under the control of the same editors. Several

NEW CONTRIBUTORS, OF HIGH TALENT,

however, have been engaged, beside those who have already been enlisted in its favor.

THE MAGAZINE WILL BE ENLARGED, and will contain a GREATER QUANTITY OF READING MATTER THAN ANY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED AT THE SAME PRICE IN THIS COUNTRY. THE WORK WILL APPEAR IN

A New and beautiful Type,

Cast expressly for the purpose, and will be PRINTED ON THE FINEST PAPER.

It will also be ornamented with

Fine Steel Engravings

provided at a heavy expense, and executed from the choicest designs. To vary the style of these illustrations, the services of distinguished artists have been engaged to furnish at intervals

MEZZOTINTS FOR THE ENSUING VOLUME.

The Heads of several Distinguished American Writers

Will appear in the course of the year. The publishers, determined to leave nothing undone to merit the patronage of a liberal public, have received, after much solicitation from many of their fair readers, to publish quarterly, as an extra,

Correct Plates of the Latest Fashions, Highly Colored,

and executed in the first style of the art. This department will be under the control of a French gentleman, of much taste and experience; and will be found to excel ANY THING EVER ATTEMPTED IN THIS LINE IN AMERICA.—The extra in the present (November) number, may be considered a fair specimen of what these fashion plates will be. The music department, as heretofore, will be under the charge of Messrs. G. W. HEWITT & CO. and the fine pieces of COPY-RIGHT MUSIC which they have hitherto furnished are a sufficient guarantee for the future.

The flattering terms in which the Casket has been noticed by the journals in every section of the Union, establish beyond a doubt its claims to support generally.—*It will surpass any other work in the return it gives for the reader's money.*

TERMS—$3 PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE, OR TWO COPIES FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

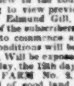
All communications to be addressed, post paid, to

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. Philada.

P. S. Editors publishing this Prospectus, will be entitled to a copy of the Casket during the volume. No exchange is solicited, unless when noticing the reception of the Magazine.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—Pursuant to the last will and testament of Col. John Harris, late of Willistown township, Chester county, deceased, will be sold at public sale, on the premises, on third day, the 10th of December next, the following valuable real estate:

No. 1. A farm of one hundred ACRES, be the same more or less, of excellent land, situate in the township of Willistown, aforesaid, (being the residence of said deceased,) in a good state of cultivation, tolerably well watered, under good fence, with a suitable proportion of

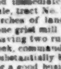


WOODLAND, orchard, and meadow, adjoining lands of William Evans, Jeffrey Smedley, and others. The improvements are a good sized, comfortable two story STONE HOUSE, with a well of excellent water, and a pump at the door; a stone barn, a large stone wagon house, two stone spring houses, with out buildings.

This farm is handsomely located, seventeen miles from Philadelphia, and eight miles from West Chester, on a public road leading from Shugartown to the Leopard Inn, in an excellent neighborhood, convenient to mills, schools, and places of public worship; it is well calculated for a grain growing, grazing, or dairy farm, and surpassed by few in the county, for productiveness. Persons wishing to view previous to the day of sale, will please call on Edmund Gill, residing on the premises, or on either of the subscribers.

Sale to commence at two o'clock, P. M. on said day, when conditions will be made known by the Executors.

Also. Will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, on 5th day, the 12th day of December next, at two o'clock, P. M. FARM No. 2, containing about ninety-seven ACRES of good land, situate in the township of Pikeland, county of Chester, in a good state of cultivation, well watered, and divided into convenient fields, having a fair proportion of woodland, orchard, and meadow, adjoining lands late of Michael Stoneaker, John Moses, and others. The improvements are a good, substantial, recently built, two story STONE DWELLING



HOUSE, with two rooms on the first, and three on the second floor; a well of good water with a pump near the door; a large well finished stone Switzer barn and wagon house, a very neat tenant house, and spring house. Said farm is handsomely situated, a public road leading from West Chester to the Yellow Springs, runs through the premises; being about ten miles north of the former, and an half mile south of the latter place, and twenty five from Philadelphia, in a good neighborhood, convenient to mills, schools, and places of public worship of different denominations.

Also. Will (on the same day as the last mentioned tract, and immediately PRECEDING the same,) be sold at public sale, tract No. 3, containing eighteen ACRES and some perches of land, adjoining No. 2, together with a large stone grist mill erected thereon, in a good state of repair, having two run of stones, on a branch of the Pickering creek, commanding twenty-five feet head and fall, with a substantially built dam, furnishing a full supply of water for a good business the driest seasons, a comfortable stone dwelling house, stone smith's shop, stone spring house, one log and one frame stable. A part of this tract is under timber, some of it is arable and some meadow land.

Also, Will be exposed at public sale, on the same day, at farm No. 2, and immediately AFTER the same, two lots of chesnut timbered land, on the Valley Hill, about two miles from said farm (No. 2,)—one of the said lots containing two acres, and the other three acres, of different periods of cutting. Persons wishing to view either the farm, the mill, or the chesnut lots, will please call on Thomas Harris, residing on No. 2, who will show the same, or on either of the subscribers, who will give such other information as may be requisite.

Attendance will be given and conditions made known, at the time of sale, respectively by

ISAIAH FAWKES, of Newtown, Del. co.
ELIJAH LEWIS, of Willistown, Chester co.
nov 16—3t Executors

TWENTY THOUSAND MULTICAULIS TREES—Are offered for sale, deliverable in November next. They will be sold at moderate prices on good terms. The rapidly extending Silk business, which has proved so profitable and well adapted to our climate, with the large Bounty given for its encouragement by several of the States, ought to induce farmers to embrace the earliest opportunity of getting into a business that cannot be overdone.

Letters, post paid, addressed to the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, will be promptly attended to. jy 6—tf

FOR SALE, a small FARM, in Newtown, Delaware county, adjoining lands of Mary Thomas, Joseph Lukens, Levi Lewis and Thomas Thomas, one and a half miles north of Beaumont's Tavern, on the West Chester road, and on the road leading from the Paoli road to Levi Lewis's mill, containing about FIFTY FIVE ACRES; six of which are valuable woodland, the remainder in a high state of cultivation, and has kept about sixteen head of cows and horses for several years past, a good orchard of the different kinds of fruit trees. The buildings consist of a good stone HOUSE, stone spring house, over an excellent spring, that has never been known to fail; barn, part stone and part frame, substantial, and in good order; stone smoke house, with cellar for holding roots; carriage house and other out buildings, all in good order. The above property is in a good neighborhood, convenient to the different places of public worship. Persons desirous of purchasing, are invited to call and view for themselves; or it will be exchanged for a larger farm somewhere in Delaware or Chester county.

ROBERT M. THOMAS.
11th mo. 5th, 1839. nov 16—3t*

PROGRESS OF TAILORING.
Extract from the Fall Report of Fashions.

THE advantages of the Protractor System and Proof Measures, as set forth in this work, are becoming more extensively known and appreciated by the influential and better informed part of the community of tailors, every where.

In addition to the numerous testimonial certificates, from individuals in favor of this work, over all others of the kind, we have recently been politely furnished with a letter of approval and recommendation, from the principal Master Tailors of the city of Baltimore, which we beg leave here to insert. It bespeaks the minds of honest candor, and of gentlemanly gratitude toward one of their fellow laborers, whose race, in the course of nature, is drawing to a close, but not without success in the good cause of aiding to raise the once degraded calling of a tailor, to its now scientific and respectable standing among the mechanic arts.

With sentiments of gratitude and high regard, we acknowledge the receipt of the following letter:

Baltimore, Md. October, 1839.

A Recommendation and approval by the master Tailors of the city of Baltimore, of the superiority of Ward's Protractor and Proof System in its present state of perfection, as taught us by Mr Basford, of the firm of A. & A. F. Ward, Basford & Co. of Philadelphia, whose qualifications as a practical Tailor, and Teacher of Garment Cutting, is worthy the patronage of the trade.

We have practically examined it, and find the above system to be the masterpiece of skilful minds, every measure is mathematically and essentially combined to find each point with certainty and precision, for all forms and positions of men, as exemplified and made plain by diagrams of each fashionable garment, and upon the score of economy, we believe that it is the cheapest and most correct report of the prevailing fashions, by reasons of the beneficial utility it embraces.

And we conclude by saying, that there remains not one iota of doubt in our minds, but that Allen Ward deserves the credit of the originality of the Protractor System, and ought not to be plundered of its emoluments; and also believe that he has done more toward the improvement of the trade than any other Reporter.

SIGNED.
W. FAIRCHILD,
MARTIN MATHERS & CO.
J. TITTLE & SON,
HUBBARD & BAKER,
ALEXANDER & LINDSEY,
H. RIGBY,
E. HARRINGTON,
G. D. CHABOT,
J. MERCHANT,
WM. REA.
nov 9—tf

UNITED STATES POST NOTES

OR Bank Stock taken at *Par* in exchange for a house and lot in the town of New Castle, the house was built in 1838, of brick, two stories high, 34 feet square, four rooms on a floor, including garrets, 12 rooms, lot is 37 feet by 73 or more, 30 shares of Stock or Post Notes to the amount of $3000 will get this property on immediate application to J. D. BIRD, New Castle, Del.

nov. 9—3t*

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Margaret Lancaster, of the county of Philadelphia, deceased, are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the said estate, to present their accounts, duly authenticated, without delay to

HENRY HINKLE, Administrator.
nov 9—6t* No. 330 Callowhill street

RONALDSON'S CEMETERY.

FOR SALE a lot, in a choice situation in Ronaldson's Cemetery, if applied for soon. Apply at 36 Carter's Alley.

nov 9—tf

PHILADELPHIA ICE COMPANY.

FOR SALE one Share in the Philadelphia Ice Company—apply at this office.

Also for sale as above, a set of Fire Proof Doors.

nov 9—tf

REAL ESTATE.

THE subscriber is authorized to purchase and sell Real Estate, Ground Rents, and other property for MORUS MULTICAULIS, at his Silk Agency, No. 200 Market street.

CHARLES CADWALLADER.
October, 1839. nov 9—tf

THE SUNFLOWER LEAF, A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO. It has long been well known that the Sunflower (Helianthus) is profitable to the cultivator, the seed producing an oil equal if not superior to olive oil, for the table or druggist, and finds a ready sale in market at a greater price than the flaxseed oil; but the medicinal virtues of the leaf—like many other discoveries that minister to the comfort of man, was entirely accidental—an individual, laboring under an Asthmatic complaint, made use of the leaf in the way of smoking, having prepared the leaf and made into segars like those made from tobacco, from the use of which he received instantaneous relief, and in every case of coughs, colds, or oppression of the chest, where the segars made of the Sunflower leaf have been used they have given relief.

In Botany, the medicinal virtues of the leaf as a pectoral, and expectorant are well established. Its healing qualities to the breast and lungs, contrast strongly with those of tobacco, which possess none of these properties; but on the contrary is harsh, acrid, bitter, and stimulating; and when used in the way of smoking, always proves more or less injurious to those who use it, and more especially in consumptive habits. Hence the Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, flatter themselves that if they can succeed in introducing a substitute for tobacco, a poisonous plant, whose action upon the human system is deleterious, for one which is mild and soothing—and possessing medical properties of a high order; they will confer a benefit not only to individual smokers who are suffering from the practice of an inveterate habit, but upon invalids who may be induced to give the Sunflower Segar a trial. The Sunflower is a plant of vigorous growth, and may be cultivated in almost any soil, and has been extensively cultivated in some of the Southern States for the oil alone; but when the value of the leaf shall be added to the oil there is little doubt that in a short time the culture of the Sunflower will be found quite as profitable as the cotton crops of the South; and much more so than tobacco—for being a certain crop—and suited to almost every variety of soil and climate, the planter will find it his interest to invest his capital and labor in the culture of a plant that will in a short time supercede the use of tobacco in the way of smoking.

The subscribers, Patentees of the Sunflower and Rhubarb Segars, hold a number of original certificates amongst which are the following:

I do hereby certify that through inclemency of the weather, my throat had become so hoarse that I could not make myself understood, after having smoked one of the Sunflower Segars, in thirty minutes I could converse with ease. GEORGE ROLLINSON.

Witness present,
NATHANIEL HAMILTON,
Hinkletown, Lancaster County, Pa.

The following list of names are on similar certificates, Dr. Winters, David S. Groff, John Lutz, Allen Yuns, David Rabe, John Johns, Samuel Stauffer, Adam Wolf, Capt. Samuel D. Miller, Henry Stautzenberger.

The subscribers have now on hand a small lot of Segars from their last year's stock, and have a considerable crop under their immediate cultivation, which with other arrangements they will be enabled to meet all orders received, after the first of December next. In distributing the above Segars, they ask the influence of a liberal public which is always ready when agriculture and reform are the motto; by that time they will be enabled to furnish their friends and the public with a superior quality of segars.

All letters, orders for samples at present, or correspondence to contract for a right of making in any state or section of the Union, (not yet contracted for) when post paid, and directed to the subscribers, Marietta, Pennsylvania, will receive proper attention.

GROFF & GOODMAN.

N. B. Country editors, inserting the above three times, and sending one copy to the subscribers, will be entitled to one box of segars. jy 20—tf

COUGH, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, of Sixty Years Standing, cured by DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT! PHILADELPHIA, August 10th, 1838.

MR. ATKINSON—Dear Sir: A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper, an account of the surprising effects of JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE, in restoring a great number of passengers on board a Mississippi steamboat, to perfect health who were affected with Bowel Complaint. I was glad to see you notice it so kindly; you may rest assured it deserves the praise bestowed upon it. The benefit I have received from this medicine, more especially his EXPECTORANT, induces me to state my case to you, for the benefit of those who are afflicted in the same way. It has been my misfortune, sir, to labor under a cough and asthmatical oppression, for more than half a century. When a soldier in the American camp, in 1778, I, with many others, (owing to great exposure,) had a violent attack of disease of the Lungs, by which I was disabled from duty for a long time. Since that period, until recently, I have never been free from a violent Cough and difficulty of breathing. Year after year I have expectorated over a gill a day; often much more, and sometimes mixed with blood. For months together, night after night, I have had to sit or be bolstered up to obtain my breath. The weakness and debility caused by such constant expectoration, frequently brought me to a state bordering on death. It has been a matter of astonishment to my family and friends, that I am here to write this to you. I have had skilful physicians to attend me, and every thing done for me that was thought likely to give me relief, without any beneficial effect. Last winter I had another severe attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, which I fully expected would be the last. I then considered my case as past the aid of medicine, when I was persuaded to call on Doctor Jayne. With the assistance of Divine Providence, through him, I was once more raised from my bed, but the coughing and wheezing wearied me day and night. He advised me to use his Expectorant. I did so, with a strong hope that, as it had cured many of my acquaintances of various diseases of the Lungs, it might at least mitigate my sufferings. Need I say how gratified I feel? IT HAS EFFECTUALLY CURED ME. As soon as I commenced taking it, I found it reached my case, and I began to breathe with more freedom. My expectoration became more easy, and my cough entirely left me. I now feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am better than I have been for the last SIXTY YEARS. Last summer, I spit a great deal of blood; now, thank God, I am perfectly cured. Now, Sir, after suffering so long, and finding at last such signal relief from Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, I feel anxious to inform my fellow citizens where relief may be had. If you think this worthy a place in your paper, you will oblige me by noticing it. NICHOLAS HARRIS, SEN.

No. 35 Lombard Street.

Dr. Jayne's Office is No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia. oct 5—tf

DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—This invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have ever used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can and do attest to its usefulness. BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always CURED by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a spitting up of Phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. This Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of WHOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it.

REV. JONATHAN GOING, D. D. PRESIDENT OF GRANVILLE COLLEGE, Ohio, says—"he was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using this Expectorant."——Mrs. Dibs, of Salem, N. J. was cured of Asthma of twenty years standing, by using two bottles of this medicine.——Mrs. Ward, also, of Salem, was cured of the same complaint by one bottle.——A young lady, also of Salem, who was believed by her friends to be far gone with Consumption, was perfectly restored by three bottles.——Dr. Hamilton, of St. James, South Carolina, was greatly affected by a cough, hoarseness and soreness of the lungs, and on using a bottle of this medicine, found permanent relief.

The following certificate is from a practising PHYSICIAN, and a much respected CLERGYMAN of the METHODIST SOCIETY, dated Mount Town, Va. August 27, 1838.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—I have been using your Expectorant, extensively, in my practice, for the last three months, and for all attacks of COLDS, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, PAINS AND WEAKNESS OF THE BREAST, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried. Very respectfully, yours,

E. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

Certificate from the Rev. Dr. BABCOCK, late PRESIDENT of WATERVILLE COLLEGE, Maine.

"From intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. D. Jayne, a regular student of the Medical University of Pennsylvania, and an experienced, successful practitioner of medicine, I was prepared to appreciate the numerous testimonials in favor of his different medical preparations, much more highly than the great majority of those which are extensively eulogized. On trial of them in my own family, and some of them personally, I have more than realized their favorable anticipations. They are what they profess to be—not quack nostrums—but skilfully prepared antidotes for some of the most afflictive of human diseases. I know that they are highly esteemed, and frequently prescribed, by some of the most respectable of the regular practitioners of medicine in this city and elsewhere, and I do not hesitate to commend them as a valuable addition to our materia medica, and a safe, as well as eminently useful remedy for the diseased."

RUFUS BABCOCK, Jr.

Philadelphia, 7th June, 1839.

The Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, late Editor of the American Baptist, writes—

NEW YORK, June 15, 1839.

To Dr. Jayne.—Dear Sir—I have made use of your Expectorant, personally and in my family, for the last six years, with great benefit. Indeed, I may consider my life prolonged by the use of this valuable medicine, under the blessing of God, for several years. I may say almost as much in the case of my wife, and also of the Rev. Mr. Tinson, of the Island of Jamaica. For all cases of cough, inflammation of the chest, lungs, and throat, I do most unhesitatingly recommend this as the best medicine I have ever tried. My earnest wish is, that others afflicted as I have been, may experience the same relief, which I am persuaded they will, by using your Expectorant.

C. C. P. CROSBY.

Extract of a certificate from the Rev. Mr. Bradford.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—My child, owing to exposure, when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed, least the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a tea spoonful of the "EXPECTORANT" (a bottle of which you presented me with when in Philadelphia) and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I have so high an opinion of Dr. Jayne's medicine, and why I advise every family to keep it on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours,
ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.
June 9th, 1839.

Numerous other certificates might be added, but the above are considered sufficient evidence of its great usefulness.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

Where also may be had JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, for the cure of BOWEL COMPLAINTS, &c. TONIC VERMIFUGE, for the removal of WORMS, &c. SANATIVE PILLS, for DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, and FEMALE DISEASES, &c. Also, Alibert's Hair Tonic, for the removal of BALDNESS and preservation of the HAIR. oct 12—3m

TEETH—Having engaged an experienced Dentist to assist me in the manufacture of Porcelain Teeth, &c. we will warrant our work equal to any in this city—the duties of the office performed by myself.

ELLIS MIDDLETON, Dentist,
nov 16—3t* No. 103 North 4th St. above Callowhill.

MORUS MULTICAULIS. 40,000 Morus Multicaulis, fine and large, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, at the agency, by P. WOOLM, Burlington, New Jersey.
sept 14—tf

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Answer to the Enigma in last week's Post.
SPERMACETI CANDLE.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 18, 2, 19, 4, 5, 12, is the name of one of the planets.

My 15, 4, 12, 14, 12, 14, 15, is what many persons are fond of.

My 18, 16, 7, 13, 14, is the name of a country in Europe.

My 6, 17, 15, is a domestic animal.

My 16, 9, 2, 5, is a delicious fruit.

My 13, 5, 17, 12, 15, 5, 7, 8, is a name of a Democratic paper published at Harrisburg.

My 6, 11, 9, 5, is a very fleet animal.

My 13, 14, 6, 13, 2, 12, 7, is the name of one of the States of the Union.

My 5, 17, 2, 6, 18, is useful in all countries.

My 6, 7, 10, 13, 6, is a man's christian name.

My 5, 9, 2, 6, 13, 14, 15, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 17, 16, 17, 5, 19, 17, is the name of a town in the west of Portugal.

My 14, 5, 10, 13, 12, 13, is a distinguished writer.

My 13, 12, 13, is the name of a liquor.

My 2, 4, 15, 11, 5, is a tool used by carpenters.

My 7, 4, 15, 4, 1, 19, is the name of one of our months.

My 6, 5, 13, 1, 8, is the name of a spring flower.

My 16, 9, 13, is the name of a very useful article in writing.

My 13, 5, 17, 12, is a very useful metal.

My whole is the name of a weekly paper published in this city.

Of all things, never may I become that despicable thing, a woman living upon admiration! The village matron, *tidying up* for her husband and children at evening, is far, far more enviable and respectable.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

A Compliment Quizzed.—A gentleman walking in the fields with a lady, picked a *blue bell*, and taking out his pencil wrote the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady:

"This pretty flower, of heavenly hue
Must surely be allied to you,
For you, dear girl, are heavenly too."

To which the lady replied:—

"If, sir, your compliment be true,
I'm sorry that I took so blue."

Reasonable complaint.—The only prisoner in Nantucket jail has given the sheriff notice that unless the prison is repaired so as to guard him from the inclemency of the weather, he cannot remain much longer.

Materials of poetry.—Good sense is the body of poetic genius, fancy it *drapery*, motion its *life*, and imagination the *soul* that is every where and in each, and *forms* all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

REFLECTION.

No glass can Hobhouse face reflect,
As truly seen, alas!
For if we must the truth respect,
His face reflects the glass.

EPITAPH.

Reader, pass on ne'er waste your time
On bad biography, and bitter rhyme,
For what I am, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I *was*, is no affair of yours.

A Mechanical Puzzle.—A clock, the dial and hands of which appear perfectly detached from any mechanical power, has attracted much attention in the window of a clockmaker, of Cornhill. The difficulty is to understand by what means the hands are made to move, seeing that they are placed in the centre of a perfectly transparent pane of glass, and no communication with any mechanical power passes through the pane of glass. The figures denoting the hours are painted on the glass, thus rendering it obvious that the glass is stationary.

"Lubly Dina," said an African Romeo who was last evening paying his devoirs to a *shiner*—"lubly Dina, you says you not so beauterful as my romerantic fanceify paints you;—whoy, look heaw, Dina, dere aint no one no where can gib the full derscription ob your unribaled charms. Now is'nt dis plain speakin'—can any ting add a polish to Massa's boots, when I *give* dem de finishing touch in de *mornin*? And as for calling you a wiolet and speakin of its *parfume*—I won't say noting about it."

Amanda's cheeks, in vermeil drest,
With tender love my heart inspired;
My lips her beauteous roses pressed,
And took off all that I admired.

This world is a prison in every respect;
Its walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin; the prisoners are men,
And the fetters they're bound with are *Women.*

"It takes me to lick *lasses*," as the Yankee schoolmaster said when he cowhided the girl.

"*Fare reduced*," as the man said when he dined on one single cracker.

"I'm rising by degrees," as the quicksilver said to the thermometer, as it was getting hot.

Cure for corns.—Rub them well with salt every day for a week—then have both feet cut off just above the ancle.

An exchange paper says that among the various species of *lying*, that of lying in bed late is too common.

A man in Connecticut, recently had hard work to "shuffle of this mortal coil." In the first place he took a large quantity of laudanum—then stabbed himself in the neck—and finally effected his object by throwing himself into the river.

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain,
Is always right, cries sprightly Jane;
"Ah would to heaven," cries graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too."

George, closely dunn'd for money due,
At once his lack of cash betray'd—
"I'll make you find it sir,"—"Ah, do;
"And you shall be the first that's paid."

Interesting Question—At a debating club, the question was discussed, whether there is more happiness in the possession or pursuit of an object. "Mr. President," said a young orator, "suppose I was courtin' a young gal and she was for to run away, and I was to run arter her, would'nt I be appier when I cotched her than when I was running arter her?"

A Boston paper says that they have a new article for breeches in that city, which they call *hard times*. If the article stands a pressure well, it would undoubtedly sell rapidly in our market.

Western Courtship.—"Well, Sam, as I told you I was going, I went a courting tother night. And what do you spose I got by it?"

"Why, what should you get, Peter, but consent to marry the prettiest girl in the community."

"No. Twant that."

"Well, what did you get? A kiss?"

"Yes; but I mean what I got with it."

"Oh! cuffed ears, I suppose; didn't you."

"Worse than that, Sam. I got the prairie itch, and what is worse yet, mother says the only way to get rid of it is to kiss some girl that hasn't got it, and curse me if I can find one.—*Texas Morning Star.*

Never eat while you speak, as any man's throat is too narrow a channel for words to pass up and good meat to pass down at the same time.

Courage and arms!—The Darien (Geo.) Herald thus exhorts the young men of that town to volunteer to go against the Indians—"Hannibal passed the Alps; Cæsar crossed the Rubicon; Napoleon forced the bridge of Lodi; and why not the farmers and merchants of Darien cover themselves with glory by *wallowing* in the bogs of Okefenokee!"

THE OLD MAID'S FIRST OFFER.

I must tell you the heart-rending story—I have long wished to do so, and the time is at length arrived. (Here her voice dropped into a confidential whisper.) Poor dear Major Ogilvie, who is now dead and gone—heigh ho!—had been long showing me marked attention—in fact, paying his addresses, though he never made his declarations; when one morning, after having sung me a song of Farinelli's—ah! you should have heard the Major, he was such a sweet singer. Well, the Doctor had gone out to buy a new invented fish sauce—poor dear man! he did like to have his fish well dressed—and I remember he took Franchette, my little beauty of a spaniel with him, so that the Major and I were all alone in the breakfast parlor, when looking beseechingly in my face, he suddenly went down on one knee before me—ah! there was gallantry in those days!—and taking my hand, which he tenderly pressed, made a passionate avowal of his love. I felt myself blushing crimson, when, at this agitating moment, just as I was going to utter a palpitating confession of my partiality, my eyes began to twinkle—I felt a tingling in my nose, my mouth opened in spite of myself, and I sneezed like an explosion of gunpowder, right in his upturned and imploring face! Now, lady Susan, you know how *tremendously* I always sneeze, did you *ever*—of all the awkward occurrences!

The Major started, as well he might, but recovered himself—so did I—he gazed at me tenderly and expectingly, and I was just about to relieve him from his suspense, when I sneezed with a second and louder explosion, that seemed to scatter the very nose from my face.

This was a confusion to me and the Major, who was still holding my imprisoned hand, but looking downward, to avoid the shower bath that I was unintentionally scattering round me, he declared that he would never rise from his knees till I had pronounced his doom. I uttered a heartfelt sigh, and the soft avowal was just trembling on my tongue, when I felt something on the tip of my nose! Lady Susan—lady Susan—it was beginning to bleed!—*did you ever—of all* the distressing moments!

I struggled to withdraw my hand, that I might get my handkerchief, an action which the Major attributed to coyness, and therefore did but hold it more firmly. In the contest, after frightfully spotting my tabinet silk gown, three very large drops of blood fell upon the Major's wrist! He started up—I closed my eyes and sunk in a chair, overwhelmed with confusion. Supposing I had fainted, the Major hastily seized a large tumbler of water and threw it in my face. At such an unexpected souse, I screamed with surprise and terror. The Mareschal powder which I wore—I was always famous for my powder—mingling with the water and blood, converted my face into a hideous spectacle; when, just at that moment, the door flew open, and Franchette, thinking her mistress was killed, flew at the poor dear Major, and bit a large mouthful out of his silk leg, while the good horror-stricken Doctor suffered the bottle of newly invented fish sauce to fall from his hand and be smashed to pieces on the floor. Now, dearest Lady Susan! consider what must have been my feelings!—did you *ever*—such a scene!

From the Mercury.

OLD GRIMES'S DOG.

Messrs Printers.—My great grandfather was not only personally acquainted with Old Grimes himself, but also had an intimate acquaintance with his dog; the memory of which I believe our present day poets have unjustly disrespected. Allow me to do something for the good old creature in the way of doggerel:

Old Grimes's dog has long been dead,
And turned again to dust;
He's had his day, with other dogs,
His christian name was Trust.

He was a kind and faithful dog,
As ever trod the ground;
His blood was crossed, as I've been told,
By mastiff, cur, and hound.

Whene'er he heard his master's voice,
He never failed to mind;
His tail was curtailed very much,
And stuck straight out behind.

His disposition was as mild,
As summer's mildest blue;
He did not bark at passers by,
As many puppies do.

He wore a ring about his neck,
Composed of shining brass;
And slept each night at Grimes's gate,
Nor suffered thieves to pass.

He never joined all noisy dogs,
When dog-days set them wild;
But kept away, and thus became
A dog-star, calm and mild.

But dogs are frail, as mortals are
And Trust at last ran mad,
Yet Grimes endured the dire mishap,
Although his heart was sad.

He cast around the poor dog's neck
An iron safety chain,
And bound him fast unto a post,
Because he was insane.

He growled and snapped, and raved and foamed,
But Grimes no fault could find;
Because, he said he'd not act so,
Had he his sober mind.

The ties that bound him fast to earth,
And also to the post,
Were soon dissolved by welcome death,
And Trust gave up the ghost.

Old Grimes, his wife, and children all,
At first were grieved, and sorry,
But afterward agreed, that Trust
Had died when in his glory. Doc.

REFLECTIONS UPON AUTUMN.

Autumn has scarcely come to pay her yearly visit, and to warn us of decay. The leaflet hangs wrestling with the wind; the frost of evening now gathers upon it, and its freshness is stricken. Summer, soft eyed Summer! art thou gone? Yes—I still hear thy sweet adieu sighing low in the vales, as thy faint breath steals from leaf to leaf away! But why should we mourn? The flower may fade and its fragrance die, yet there is within it the seeds of eternal renovation!

In connection with human life, we are too apt to reflect upon yellow autumn, with feelings of melancholy. It becomes a season of contemplation, and our thoughts go upward to the Author of our being, hovering like timid spirits around His holy altar.

But there is something in the fall of the year with even its mournful decay, which charms the soul and sweetens human life—the rustle of the changing green—the winds low sigh—the creaking door; the house cricket's prolonged chirp—and the lit up hearth, send our thoughts back on an errand of memory, to those charming hours of happy days of youth and hope;—days of childhood—of innocence, when with many a beloved one from whom we have now parted forever, we sat around the family altar and partook of the feelings of other times. Oh! how agreeable are those melancholy reflections, as they linger and play in the tabernacle of a virtuous heart!

If we contemplate the changes of the season, in connection with an hereafter, we feel an inexpressible beauty in the comparison, which cannot cease to convince the liberal and creative mind, that there is a home beyond the grave, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!" It presents an argument dipped in beautiful coloring—like all of nature's fine pencillings, so woven with an existence by the unseen hand, that the keenest eye cannot touch the point at which every separate tint is parted from its neighboring hue; immortality becomes an instinctive feeling, which carries the soul upward we know not how, to its destined and eternal habitation of light and life.

A ceaseless change, without annihilation, is a concomitant of all of nature's works. She never ceases to operate. Everything which we see upon the globe has been acted upon by nature's supreme hand, but never has been destroyed. Wood has been changed by fire to charcoal—passed from thence to various stages of refinement, until it has resulted in a concrete of an elementary light, sparkling in the hue and splendor of a diamond.

That man, whose eye has never opened upon the noiseless operations of nature—or witnessed the development of her handy work—who has never felt the charms of her spring time, or heaved an unconscious sigh, while viewing the autumn flower in its decline, has left unlearned the grandest lesson of his own mortality.

Why does not the steel hearted atheist, who buries his soul in an eternal sleep, repine at the difference between his fate and that of the plant! Does he not observe the pride of the forest shedding its leaves in the autumn—remote in the spring—re-clothing and replenishing through interminable ages? Surely he must, while he surveys his own decayed and nerveless limbs, cry out in despair, "for me there is no returning spring!—my withered trunk, never will clothe itself in a smoother rind! my hoary locks shall never more receive the gloss of youth!—no young and vigorous sap will circulate through these chilled and collapsed vessels!" Alas! it will not be so—what! the plant be renovated, and the season come again, while the lord of the earth with his face upward, walking in the majesty of mind, withers and sinks to an ignoble and eternal sleep!

"Believe the muse! the autumn blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no—they spread
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Through endless ages into higher power."

☞ We do not remember to have seen the following witty effusion, in any of our papers.

Epitaph on the Tomb-stone erected over the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, lost at the battle of Waterloo.—(Ascribed to Mr. Canning.)

Here rests—and let no saucy knave
Presume to sneer and laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Is laid—a British calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh was premature,
For here too lies a sole.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot to speak more plain,
Rest here of one commanding,
Who, though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Pour bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe leg bail.

And now in England just as gay
As in the battle brave,
Goes to a rout, review or play
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm,
For when she lopp'd the hero's leg,
She did not seek his harm.

And but indulged a harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one,
She saw two legs were lost on him
Who never meant to run.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MY FIRST TRAVEL.

Messrs. Editors.

Gentlemen—Having been kept at home during the greater part of my life, I determined to take a tour to the West, and seek my fortune among the wild sons of the forest. After making necessary arrangements, and bidding my ma and sisters adieu, I bounced in the stage coach which went thundering off. But notwithstanding the bustle and confusion which the arrival of the stage invariably produce; I did not forget to provide myself with some ham and biscuit for my dinner the first day. It was a cold wintry like morning; the snow was descending rapidly, and wrapping all inanimate objects "in its white mantle." The shrill notes of the driver's bugle, accompanied with the rattling of the horses' hoofs, told me that I was fast leaving the place of my nativity, and told my old associates that I should no longer join them in their youthful pursuits. After travelling about twenty miles, I began to feel somewhat hungry, and as a necessary consequence, commenced looking out for my wallet of provision. There was a clergyman in the stage, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, prompted by inherent politeness, I asked him to join me and take some dinner, to which he very readily assented; but looking up with a kind of consequential or pious air, said—"As human and dependent beings we should be grateful for all blessings received, and the only way to manifest our sense of gratitude, was to thank the great giver of all good as well in the stage as when at home around the festive board." I then of course asked him to ask a blessing. He commenced in a low, deep, but distinct tone "gracious," but unfortunately at that moment the wheels ran over a large root and *bump* went his head against the "standard;" the word following was expressed with an unusual degree of earnestness. He looked up (rubbing his head) with a vacant stare, not knowing, as I thought, whether to proceed with his thanksgiving or not. But he finally concluded to take up that cross, though painful, and perform the duty now doubly incumbent on him, (for their "Creed" is never relinquish a good cause.") He commenced again, but I fancied his head just about to come in contact with the standard again, (having to shut my eyes according to custom) and could not refrain from bursting into a hearty laugh. At this he appeared to get quite angry as he took a seat with the driver on the box, and said he would not keep the company of such an unpolite man. I was very much surprised at his getting mad at this, and reaching my head out of the window, I said to him—"Fret not thyself because of evil men," which entirely counteracted the effect of the laugh, and he came and took a seat beside me, partaking of the ham and biscuit in its *natural* state without a *blessing*. But we soon had to part as he was going to Conference or some other ecclesiastical meeting, and I was wending my way to the "Far West."

In about ten days after leaving home, I arrived safely in Ripley, a small village, situated in Tippah county, Mississippi, at the head of Wolf River. This is a flourishing little place, and a number of lively, handsome, and intelligent young ladies constitute a part of its inhabitants. I stopped at the house of an uncle who lived there, and for the first time began to associate with the ladies. I was somewhat awkward, but thought I could remedy this difficulty by "going ahead," accordingly I did so, and was very unfortunate, as the following circumstances will plainly show.

There was a riding party proposed, to which I readily agreed, and was very active in inviting the young ladies to accompany us. We soon had every thing arranged: the carriage drove up and we all bounded in, the whip cracked and we went rattling off. I thought I was the happiest fellow in the world, seated beside her on whom alone I bestowed my affection. I did not envy the king or his throne, though nations were at his command: but before I got back I dare say I felt as much shame and remorse as Xerxes did, when the Grecians drove his soldiers from the field at Mycale. My happiness was momentary: after travelling about three miles, we came to a small stream surrounded by an extensive bogg, and about the middle of this bogg there was quite a cluster of grape vines, which were covered thickly over with grapes of the finest kind. This bogg was covered with moss or a kind of turf, which would support our weight by stepping lightly, and we soon arrived at the spot. I wishing to appear smart, took hold of one of the vines and commenced ascending in real sailor style; but just as I was about to place my feet on a limb, the vine broke and down I came. Keeping my original position, I went through the moss into the mud about sixteen inches. My head and feet out and the balance under, and there I was "as fast as a wedge driven in an oak log." The whole mossy surface trembling beneath the tremendous peal of laughter which burst forth on every hand. The young men finally came laughing up, and extricated me from my unpleasant, and with me not a very laughable predicament. I got up, my fine whites had lost their whiteness and changed to a cloudier hue. And I reckon I left that place sooner and with less ceremony than young men usually leave the company of ladies. "Taking my foot in my hand," I patterned after that in every particular, I moved with unsurpassed speed without "looking back," and was in town not long afterward. I excited quite a degree of interest at my arrival in my dirty apparel, and that interest was heightened by my silence, for I was too much fretted to answer a single interrogatory; also fearing to disclose the secret, I hurried home. But soon the anxious fear which pervaded the village was dispelled by the arrival of the carriage, and those faces which for a moment or two before depicted their fears were now stretched, and convulsed at my misfortune, and I thought they were the most unfeeling people I had ever met with. It was sometime I assure you before I made my appearance to the company of those who witnessed the scene just related. Two days after the occurrence I should have chosen the habitation of demons to their company. But time in a manner began to eradicate from my memory, my former misfortune, and I determined once more to visit the ladies; and carried this resolution into effect an evening or two before I left that county.

The ladies and gentlemen were on a walk to a very pretty little stream, which wound its clear waters about three-fourths of a mile from the village. This is a place much resorted to by the "fashionables," as the water pours over a very large rock, which looks very pretty, and by means of a vine which was suspended over the channel, you could swing from shore to shore. My former misfortune made me somewhat careful about grape vines; I remained still until the last person beside myself had swung over, then taking hold I gave a tremendous spring, but unfortunately the limb was partially broken, and in yielding to the pull sufficiently for me to strike the water; I ploughed it from shore to shore, making the foam rise before me until I came in contact with the opposite shore, there rebounding I "sashayed and balanced off," just about the middle of the creek, and was left to use my own decision, either to swing to the vine (my feet and head at right angles, and the seat of my pantaloons under the water) or let loose and make for the shore, (the water about waist deep.) I was not waiting to decision on this occasion, for I decided in favor of letting the vine loose, and come out amid shouts of laughter, which rings in my ear every time I call that mishap to memory.—And I do assure you, that was my last attempt at gallantry in that county, for "I packed up and put out" for my native land, and here I have arrived safely, and am just about by your permission to give the world a history of my First Travel.

Wadesborough, N. C. October 6th, 1839.

TURKISH ABSTINENCE.

After a half hour's delay the door was once more thrown open, and an old Turk entered: he salaamed three times most reverently and motioned us to be seated, declining at the same time, by a gentle gesture of his hand, our invitation. He was followed by a train of six persons, all splendidly attired, and attesting by their costume and manner, the rank and importance of their chief. Conceiving that as his visit had but one object—to observe our convivial customs—we immediately reseated ourselves and filled our glasses. As one after one of the effendi's household passed round the apartments, we offered them a goblet of champagne, which they severally declined, with a polite but solemn smile—all except one, a large, savage looking Turk, with a most ferocious scowl, and the largest black beard I ever saw. He did not content himself with a mute refusal of our offer, but, stopping suddenly, he raised up his hands above his head, and muttered some words in Turkish, which one of the party informed us was a very satisfactory recommendation of the whole company to Satan for their heretic abomination. The procession moved slowly around the room, and when it reached the door again retired, each member of it salaaming three times, as they had done on entering. Scarcely had they gone than we burst into a loud fit of laughter at the savage looking fellow who thought proper to excommunicate us, and were about to discuss his more than common appearance of disgust at our proceedings, when again the door opened, and a turbaned head peeped in, but so altered were the features, that although seen but the moment before, none of us could believe them the same. The dark complexion—the long and bushy beard were there; but instead of the sleepy and solemn character of the oriental, with a heavy eye and a closed lip, there was a droll half-devility in the look and partly open mouth, that made a most laughable contrast with the head dress.—*Confessions of Harry Lorrequer.*

The New Orleans Picayune is out against the custom of wearing finger rings breast-pins, gold chains, &c. It says:—"We have about as high an opinion of an Indian squaw who coils beads around her neck, or the good sense of an African who suspends brass rings from his nasal organ, as we have of the brainless fop who voluntarily enters the chain-gang, and encumbers his person with baubles. Does a chain of gold or one of diamonds, give brilliancy to the eye? Does a brooch of stained glass, the size of a carriage window, even though it be cornelian, add a tint to a blush of the cheek? or do massive rings make the fingers more tapering? The custom of wearing a superfluity of such *gew gaw* trinkets is abominable, and displays any thing but good taste, more particularly Republican taste. He who is the slave of 6-by-4 inch breastpins, watchchain like the tiller-rope of a Mississippi steamboat, or finger rings that would enchain a culprit, is in our opinion deficient of the necessary weight of brains—a man with a partially furnished attic story.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MAN'S LOVE.

He who has warmly, truly loved,
Can never love again.—*Mrs. Abdy.*

Believe it not, ye brilliant Fair,
That he who hath a heart
With love's pure feeling burning there,
And free from guile or art,
Can love but one on this bright sphere,
And when she fades away,
Turn on her sister seraphs here
A cold and careless eye.

No! slowly from his memory
Her image fond will fade,
And time will steal the grief away,
Which her departure made;
And he will love another then,
With that *pure, perfect* love
Which *liveth* in the *hearts* of *men*,
And in the *world above.*

I had a friend, and by his side
There stood in youth and bloom,
A bright-souled and a lovely bride,
But to the hungry tomb—
Her pure young cheek of changing rose,
Her wild and pleasing tone,
Her fab'ring step, her mind's repose,
Told she was hastening on.

A few months passed, and she had gone
To slumber with her God,
And much he wept and sighed alone
Upon her covering sod;
And one might think who'd seen him there,
Earth's bliss to him had flown,
And all his hopes were buried where,
Low slept his lovely one.

But scarce one year its flight had winged,
And Time had poured its oil
Upon his bleeding heart and mind,
And he began to smile,
And mingled with the world again
To taste its sickly joys,
Its soothing Friendships, blasting pain,
Its long-lived miseries.

Once more love's fire, which I believed
But for his bright one lost,
Would only burn, again revived
Within his sobered breast.
'Twas kindled by the beauties sweet,
The graces of another,
And soon to be his bride, she left
Her home and loving mother.

Oh! then believe it not ye Fair,
That he who hath a heart
With love's pure feeling burning there,
And free from guile or art,
Can love but one on this bright sphere,
And when she fades away,
Turn on her sister seraphs here
A cold and careless eye. S.

Bristol, 11th mo. 21st, 1839.

WILLIAM PITT.

Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His delivery was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible; at the same time the lucidness and fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irradiated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his talent something above the ordinary line.

I frequently saw Pitt walking across St. James's Park, from his own house to the palace. On his part George the Third arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighborhood; he drove through the mean courts of his mean habitation in a gray chariot, followed by a few of his horse guards. This was the master of the Kings of Europe, as five or six merchants of the city are the masters of India. Pitt dressed in black, with a steel-hilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. In his passage he only met with three or four emigrants who had nothing to do; casting on us a disdainful look, he turned up his nose and his pale face, and passed on.

At home, this great financier kept no sort of order; he had no regular hours for his meals, or for sleep. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never could take the trouble to cast up a bill. A *valet de chambre* managed his house. Ill dressed, without passion, greedy of power, he despised honors, and would not be any thing more than William Pitt.

In the month of June, 1822, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country house. As we crossed Putney Heath, he showed me the small house where the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who had Europe in his pay, and distributed with his own hand all the treasures of the world, died in poverty.—*Chateaubriand.*

STRATAGEM OF SMUGGLERS.

Soon after, another ingenious scheme was hit upon by the "fair traders" of Eastbourne. Disguising themselves like shepherds, who are accustomed to employ the time during which their flocks are grazing upon the Downs, by descending the precipices—not, as Shakespeare says, "to gather samphire," but to obtain the eggs of the sea-birds, or to rob the falcon of its young—the smuggler, unobserved, dug a platform in the face of the cliff, immediately under Beachy Head. Two of them labored for seven successive days in excavating and levelling this spot, at a height of three hundred feet above the sea: and as this operation was carried on by day, without any attempt at concealment, and there was no means of approaching, or even getting a view of the place, except by being lowered two or three hundred feet over the precipice, it was supposed that they were engaged in collecting eggs, and no further notice taken of the matter.—Having therefore completed the work, three or four of the gang descended unobserved to the platform, where they remained perched till dark; and at high water, when the blockade sentinels left the beach, a boat rowed to the foot of the precipice immediately under the platform, to which the cargo was leisurely transferred by pulleys: and the smugglers, lowering each other by the same means into the boat, went off to Eastbourne with their comrades leaving their contraband goods securely stowed upon the platform. During the whole of this proceeding the Preventive-men were unconsciously pacing the edge of the cliff above, at too great a height to hear what was doing, even if they had entertained suspicion of the stratagem; and when the tide receded sufficient to admit of their descending to the beach, the boat, with every other trace of the transaction, had disappeared. The platform, being composed of chalk like the cliff, itself was altogether invisible either from the base or summit of the promontory, and the smugglers having also taken the precaution to paint their packages white, they could not be distinguished from the chalk at a considerable distance. The risk of discovery, therefore, was trifling; and on the following night the smugglers could without interruption, hoist their goods from the platform to the summit of the cliff, merely taking care to accomplish this at low water, when the preventive sentinels were stationed along the beach below. In this manner several valuable cargoes were imported; nor would the plan, perhaps, have ever been detected, but by a direct information which the writer derived from one of the smugglers who had quarrelled with his companions. Fifty-six tubs of brandy were found upon the platform when it was thus detected and demolished.—*United Service Journal.*

"Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth."

"Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude."

From the London Literary Gazette.

PAINTING.

When first from heaven the King of Light
Called Beauty into birth,
He pointed on the waters bright
The images of earth;
The trees in lofty glory drew
Beside the low and bending flower;
And o'er its living surface threw
Sublimity and power!

That more unconscious Love strayed near,
She started all amazed—
Advanced, retired in bashful fear,
Then, trembling, blushing, gazed!
She moved—a form yet nobler graced
The magic waters swift did yield:
A mirrored hand stole round her waist.
And Painting stood revealed!

Thus Love, immortal Art, first found,
And sought her colors true,
From every bud and blossom round
That slumbered 'neath the dew:
Yet vain she toiled, until she brought
Her untaught pencil to that tide,
And deeper inspiration caught
Along the river-side.

For frail was Painting's hand and rude,
Imperfect to her will;
And Nature's awful magnitude
Frowned at her mimic skill.
But softened, mellowed in the stream,
The majesty of Nature moved,
More like the visions of a dream,
When dreams where what she loved!

Thus Science, nursed by Beauty, grew,
Its mighty leaves unfurled—
Its fame-ascending branches threw
A grandeur round the world.
And mute must Poetry appear,
Dethroned and crownless stand apart,
And Sculpture seem but Death, when near
Love's miracles of Art.

For Time, who never spent an hour
As in Love's beauteous clime,
Taught her, to aid the pencil's power,
To snatch a grace from Time!
And faithful to the voice that made
His golden sands in music run,
O'er Painting Time ne'er cast a shade
But it some feeling won!

A universal language spread
Its eloquence afar—
Grand as the living Scripture read
In every burning star:
From shore to shore the marvel ran,
And every holier impulse woke;
And every passion known to man
Unrivaled Painting spoke!

All feelings, sympathies, full fraught
With truth, great Art, were thine!
Th' illuminations of all thought,
Or earthly or divine!
The fine creations of the sense
Took bodied form and life from thee,
The vision and the influence
Of Present Deity!

Behold! the dreadful whirlwinds toss,
The rocks from earth are torn;
See: Jesus bleeds upon the cross,
And horror hides the morn!—
We turn again—'t is Raffaelle brings
The risen Saviour to our eyes:
Oh, for those archangelic wings
That mount Jehovah's skies!

Still may that Love whose *chords* are *hues*,
Whose language Nature finds,
In mighty influence diffuse
To charm and teach all minds!
May Painting, whose delights sublime
Exalt each land where man hath trod,
Still inspiration through all time
Seek from Creation's God!

Charles Swain.

HONEST CRITICISM.

How few writers of the present day judge of an author by his book, and how many foreign considerations influence them when recording their opinion of his talents and the merits of his work! How little of honest criticism we have; how much censure is pronounced where the author, and not the book, is the object; and how much commendation bestowed from personal motives and private regards! How very wrong and base this is: The duty of a critic is a sacred obligation, and when he falsifies his trust, he is like a churchman, who instils heretical doctrines into the confiding ears of his congregation; or a physician, who poisons the wound he is called upon to heal. It is, moreover, a cowardly act to inflict an anonymous stab upon the object of one's vindictive hostility, and shows a malevolence of feeling unworthy of a scholar, and disgraceful to a gentleman. In fact, no one with any pretensions to the latter character, would ever act in this way; and it is very rarely indeed, that any one but a pretender to literature will stoop to assail others in this sort. This feeling has been accounted for by a desire, on the part of the pseudo-critic, to bring everybody and everything down to his own level, so that if he cannot attain their elevation, his jaundiced vision may not be dazzled by the brilliancy of their distinction, and his envious heart may not corrogate by the sight of the respect and distinction they enjoy. From whatever cause it proceeds, it presents human nature in one of its worst aspects, hateful for its malignity, and ridiculous for its impotency.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Useful Women.—An exchange paper makes the following very correct remarks. "She who makes her husband and children happy—who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is much greater than ladies described in romances, and whose sole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver from their eyes." That is our mind "*zackly*." She that studies to make the fireside agreeable to her husband, and attractive to her children, she that can make a good loaf of brown bread, and a good pumpkin pie—make music on the spinning wheel, and work at the sink—is far superior, and far more useful, than the one who can only play on the guitar, and finger the piano-forte. It is the former who deserves the name of lady.—*Nashua Gazette.*

Beauty of Prussian Women.—Berlin is considered one of the cities of Germany most celebrated for female beauty. The ladies are, literally speaking, fair, and peculiarly happy in the elegance of their figures. They walk with much feminine grace, and are above all, esteemed the most literary, talented, and high-bred of the German women. A letter from there says: "I had one day the accidental good fortune to see one of those belles standing opposite to the most faultless and beautiful creation of art which adorns the picture gallery; and so equal were the rival claims, to admiration of the animate and inanimate beauty that it would have been difficult to decide on which to bestow the palm, had not the former, possibly imagining the comparison that could not fail to be made, been piqued in to assuming her prettiest smile, and the victory was no longer doubtful."

"DOING UP CONSIDERABLE SLEEP."

"Away out to Missouri," they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of those caravan serais by the road side. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommodating landlady with this interrogatory:

"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I rather reckon we have."

"How many have you about this time that an't noways engaged?"

"Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller, "I'll take that room and engage all the beds, if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night.—The landlady told them, that she was very sorry—but all her rooms were engaged—true, there was one room with eleven beds in it and only one gentleman.

"We must go there, then,—we must have beds, there!" The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door; it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply.—At last, driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty and all the eleven beds, piled up in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on their top. They aroused him with some difficulty, and demanded what in the world he wanted of all those beds!

"Why, look here," said he, "strangers, I aint had no sleep these here eleven nights, so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping—I've hired all these beds and paid for them and, hang me, if I don't mean to have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning!"

THE LAST ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

If the last eruption of Vesuvius, at the beginning of this year, was of the greatest interest for the geologists as well as the artists, and afforded, even to the eye of a simple spectator, an inexpressibly beautiful sight, it exhibited at the same time meteorological phenomena of the greatest importance. It will, therefore not be without interest to our readers to receive a short extract from the observations of one of our natural philosophers, such as they have been communicated to him by the Royal Academy of Sciences, (supposed to be that of Berlin.)

From actual measurement, then instituted, it appears that the flames of fire columns in the night, from the second to the third of January, with an expansion of from 4000 to 5000 feet diameter, rose to the height of 1100 feet above the brink of the crater, consequently of one-third of the whole of the mountain, while the red hot stone and masses of rock were hurled still 4000 to 5000 feet higher, which in coming down, produced a dreadful crashing noise, and covered the whole cone. The surface of the crater happened during those three days 45 feet, notwithstanding the descending lava carried along with it a great part of the ejected matter. On the other hand, the point called *del Palo* has lowered nine feet. The Volcanic phenomenon reached, in the night, from the 3d to the 4th, an awful violence; they counted, in half an hour's time, from 11h. 21m. to 11h. 50m. 216 electric sparks or discharges of immense extent and the greatest beauty, of the most vivid and fiery light, like lightning of a zig-zag form, without, however, causing the least thunder or other noise. They started all from the extreme point of fiery columns, or from the edge of the lava, where it flowed from the crater, and all took the same direction upward. In the nights from the 2d to the 3d, and from the 6th to the 7th, there were observed a great quantity of shooting stars, of an uncommon size and dim light, which, in an almost horizontal direction, threw themselves into the flames as if attracted by a magnetical force, leaving behind them a milky streak, which was visible some time after the stars had vanished. The ejection of ashes to the south-east side was very considerable, and *Torre del Annunziata*, as well as the whole territory for many miles in circumference, was and is still covered with two or three feet of ashes, which for a time interrupted the communication of the main road.—*Translated from the German.*

Philosophy.—A German Philosopher, Hegel, says, after ample experience, "Philosophy is utterly useless and fruitless—and for this very reason it is the sublimest of all pursuits, the most deserving of our attention, and the most worthy of our zeal." This definition is not equal to that given by Burton in his character of a tipsy tailor: "Philosophy," he says, "is like brandy and water—especially brandy."—*Mirror.*

STEPHEN GIRARD.

This remarkable person began life without a farthing, and left behind a property whose actual value amounted to seven or eight millions of dollars, and this acquired in the latter part of his life. He told me himself that at the age of forty, his circumstances were so narrow that he was employed as the commander of his own sloop, engaged in the coasting trade between New York or Philadelphia and New Orleans, adding that on a certain occasion, he was forty-five days in working his way up from the Balize to the city. Few persons I believe enjoyed less personal popularity in the community in which he lived and in which he bequeathed his principle fortune. If this proceeded from defects of personal character, it is a topic which we have no occasion to discuss here.—We are authorised only to speak of the effect upon the public welfare of the accumulation of such a fortune in one man's hands. While I am far from saying that it might not have been abused by being made the instrument of a corrupt and dangerous influence in the community, I have never heard that it was so abused by Mr. Girard: and on general principles, it may perhaps be safely said that the class of men qualified to amass large fortunes by perseverance and exclusive devotion to business by frugality and thrift, are not at all likely to apply their wealth to ambitious or corrupt designs.

As to the effect, in all other points of view, I confess I see nothing but public benefit in such a capital managed with unrelaxing economy—one half judiciously employed by the proprietor himself—the other loaned to the business community—What better use could have been made of it? Will it be said, divide it equally among the community—give each individual in the United States a share? It would have amounted to half a dollar for each man, woman and child—and of course might as well as have been sunk in the middle of the sea. Such a distribution would have been another name for annihilation. How many ships would have furled their sails, how many warehouses would have closed their shutters, how many families would have been reduced to want and without one advantage resulting from the distribution.

Let me not be misunderstood. I regard equality of condition and fortune as the happiest state of society, and those institutions as immeasurably the wisest and best which tend to promote it. All laws which have for their object to perpetuate large estates, and transmit them from generation to generation, are at war with the constitution of man. Providence has written a statute of distributions on the face of nature and the heart of man; and whenever its provisions are contravened by political enactments, a righteous conjuration to subvert them springs up in the very elements of our being.

My proposition is only, that in a country like this, where the laws forbid hereditary transmission and encourage equality of fortune, accumulations made by industry, enterprise and prudence, employed in active investments, without ministering to extravagance and luxury, are beneficial to the public. Their possessor becomes whether he wills it or not, the steward of others; not merely, as in Mr. Girard's case, because he may destine a colossal fortune after his decease for public objects, but because, while he lives, every dollar of it must be employed in giving life to industry and employment to labor.

Had Mr. Girard lived in a fashionable part of the city in a magnificent house; had he surrounded himself with a troop of liveried domestics; had he dazzled the passers by with his splendid equipages, and spread a sumptuous table for his "dear five hundred friends" he would no doubt have been a more popular man.—But in my apprehension he appears to far greater advantage, as a citizen and a patriot, in his modest dwelling and plain garb, and appropriating to his personal wants the smallest pittance from his princely income; living to the last in the dark and narrow street in which he made his fortune, and when he died, bequeathing it for the education of orphan children.—For the public, I do not know how he could have done better; of all the men in the world he probably derived the least enjoyment from his property himself.—*Everett's Address.*

SUPPORT YOUR MECHANICS.

There is no truth more undeniable than that it is the bounden duty of every community to support its own mechanics. They are a worthy and indispensable class of men, and we had no town or village flourishing without their aid. Indeed their presence or absence is always a true index of the condition of a place—whether it is advancing in wealth and importance, or sinking in decay. Whenever we pass through a village and hear the frequent sound of the carpenter's hammer, the clink of the blacksmith's anvil—that village, we say to ourselves, is flourishing. It cannot be otherwise; for the products are actively employed, and outnumber the consumers. Whenever and wherever this is the case, the people are growing wealthy, and are at the same time training up the rising generations to habits of industry and morality.—Whereas, if a city or village pursue the opposite of this course—neglects its mechanics and supports those of some foreign town—those who can, will be compelled by the force of circumstances to remain and become idle and profligate—they will cease to produce and be consumers—in a few years they will become beggars and their children ignorant and vicious.

If there is any truth in the assertion that we ought as a nation, to give the preference to domestic manufactures, the fact is equally true with regard to a community—both are sustained by the same arguments. If a merchant would have around him substantial customers, let him by every means in his power, support and foster the mechanics of his village, and as they become more wealthy their custom will increase, especially in those articles on which he makes the greatest profit; for it is undeniable, that as men become more wealthy, they also become more luxurious, and no merchant will deny that articles of luxury always afford the greatest profits. The habit of importing large quantities of cheap and half made articles to compete with our village mechanics, is short-sighted and wrong, both as regards the mechanics and consumer; and if the merchant would look further into the operation of things, he would find that he crossed the path of his own interest by doing so.—Let the merchant bring the case to his own door, and he, perhaps, may better understand it; suppose that every individual who possesses the means and who uses in his family four or five hundred dollars worth of goods per annum, should instead of buying of him at retail go to some wholesale establishment and purchase his year's supply—would he not in bitterness condemn such an illiberal course, and would he not say to him with truth that he was warring against his own interest by destroying the business of his town and giving it to another; and that his littleness would recoil upon him in double fold by the decrease of his own property and business? So, in the case above instanced, could the mechanic say the same to the merchant. We say, then, let all classes support each other, and by the mutual exchanges, keep that wealth at home, which if unnecessarily expended abroad, tends to destroy the business of your neighbor, and which in turn destroys your own.—*Maine Cultivator.*

CHILDHOOD.

How beautiful is childhood! with the free and buoyant air,
With joy upon each dimpled brow, and tresses light and fair;
How smilingly they trip along, how fairy like they move,
And gain upon our soften'd hearts, to bless us with their love!

How beautiful is childhood! so guileless and unstained!
Methinks to see them at our side, is "paradise regain'd;"
To listen to their spirits' flow, to hearken to their mirth,
And clasp unto our loving breasts, the little ones of earth!

How beautiful is childhood! when they call us by the name
Of mother, father, or the ties that nature bids them claim!
When lisping forth so touchingly a language all their own,
Unfetter'd by the worldly chain, that chills our years like stone!

How beautiful is childhood! when the fondlings kneel to pray!
And when with hand in hand entwin'd some broken words they say!
With eyes of beaming innocence to yonder land uprais'd,
They prattle out their artless theme! could Heav'n be better prais'd?

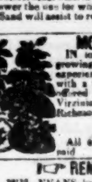
How beautiful is childhood! how endearingly they seem
To cling to those who over them with looks of fondness gleam!
To share the kindly smile and nod, how anxious they will be,
How hard the struggle to obtain a place upon the knee

How beautiful is childhood! and how saintly is the charm
That takes from man his bitterest cares, and makes his feelings warm!
That gladdens him with happiness and cheers his lonely hours,
How beautiful is childhood! with its coronal of flowers

W. J.

Joseph Swarts's
CARPET MANUFACTORY,
NO. 310 North Third Street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are wove of different Patterns, in the handsomest style. Also, Venetian Carpets wove and for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.
N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. oct 5—6m

COUNTING HOUSE BLACK SAND,
PREPARED BY W. J. SIMON, at the United States Sand Office, No. 121 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.
N. B. Orders from a distance, post paid, are promptly attended to.
☞ Let this article be put out of the reach of Rats, and the boxes will keep good for years.
Due attention has always been observed to wash it from its natural brackish quality, by the application of fresh waters, otherwise in damp or wet weather it would not answer the use for which it is intended.
Sea Sand will assist to retain the color of ink. oct 26—3m


MORUS MULTICAULIS
IN lots of one to fifty thousand, growing in the State of Virginia, by experienced hands, on the best soil, with a variety of silk-worm eggs, are offered for sale at the office of the Virginia Silk Agency, Maine street, Richmond, by
J. H. D. LOWNES, Agent for the Planters.
All communications must be post paid. ja 15—[illegible]

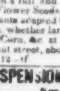
☞ REMOVAL. ☜
DR. WM. EVANS has removed the office for the sale of his Chamomile Pills and Soothing Syrup to
3 NO. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET. 3
Near corner Market. oct 26—tf

NO. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET.
(Near corner Market.)
OFFICE REMOVED
for the sale of
DR. WM. EVANS'S
CHAMOMILE PILLS
to
3 NO. 3 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET. 3
DR. WM. EVANS'S ONLY OFFICE
in
PHILADELPHIA. oct 26—tf

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.
THIS disease is a wasting away of the whole body, attended with a hectic fever, cough and spitting up of matter from an ulcer on the lungs. Symptoms—The inflammatory stage begins with chilliness, succeeded by heat, lowness of spirits, shrillness of voice, salt taste in the mouth, pain in the breast and side, attended with a dry cough. A weight is experienced at the affected part of the lungs, loss of appetite, vomiting and spitting up of frothy and florid blood. After some time the matter is expectorated of different colors, white, yellow, green and bloody, either without smell or offensive.—The body begins to fall away and grow cold, the hectic fever increases, attended with frequent burnings in the hands and lower extremities, sometimes the tongue will be full of small ulcers; after eating, the patient will have a fixed red color on his cheeks, the pit of the stomach contracts, the functions of the animal economy grow languid, the body becomes dry, the eyes sink deep within their cavities—at length from debility, the patient pays the debt of nature at the time when he is flattering himself with the hopes of a speedy recovery. To obviate all those symptoms at the commencement of the disease, use DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, which will immediately HEAL THE ULCERATED LUNGS, stopping profuse night sweats, and at the same time, strengthening and invigorating the whole system. A single bottle of this medicine is sufficient in many cases to test its good effects. Thousands have been relieved while on the brink of the grave, by using a few bottles of this invaluable Syrup. It is not to be understood that this medicine is the elixir of life, and will cure Consumption in its last stages. This it will not do, but it will positively palliate and relieve those sufferers, who for a series of years have not experienced a happy hour.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE for the sale of this medicine is at the Medical Office, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders must be addressed. To avoid imposition the Proprietor's name is impressed on the bottles; likewise his signature is attached to the inside on the bottles. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.
Agents.—Mrs. Parker, Kensington; Benjamin Brown, corner of Shippen and George streets Philadelphia; Beans & brock, Norristown; Jesse Kersa, West Chester; John Wied, Lancaster; Joseph Scott, Wilmington; and Andrew Keefer, Harrisburg. sep 14—6mf—eotf

DR. SWAYNE.
RESPECTED FRIEND: From the very beneficial effects which I have received from the use of thy COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK, I am fully willing to testify to the astonishing effect. My attack was that of a common COLD, which began to threaten something of a more serious nature. Being recommended to use the above Syrup, I finally gave it a trial, and am happy to say it gave me almost instant relief. I have used it frequently, and always with the same beneficial effects. If others would use this medicine at the commencement of their COLDS and COUGHS, they would prevent a disease which would be more alarming in its character, and much more obstinate in the cure. ELWOOD L. FUSEY,
S. W. corner of Arch and Fifth streets, Philada.
The above Medicine is for sale at the MEDICAL OFFICE, 19 NORTH EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia and respective agents. For sale in Baltimore at No. 5 N. GAY Street. sep 14—6mf—eotf

MORE PROOFS
OF THE EFFICACY OF DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY BARK.—Mrs BROWN, corner of Second street and the forks of Germantown Road, effectually cured. Her symptoms were general debility, attended with a constant COUGH, pain in the side, breast and back, with other symptoms indicative of PULMONARY DISEASE, not essential to intimate. After using the second bottle of this invaluable medicine, her cough entirely disappeared and her strength increasing fast, and by the time she used two bottles more, she found herself freed from all pain and other unpleasant symptoms which attended her disease. She is now enjoying perfect health, and willing to give any information respecting her cure, likewise recommends this Syrup to all afflicted with a cough or a disease of the lungs. For sale at No 19 N. EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia. sep 14—6mf—eotf

PRIZE HYACINTHS—GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received, and on sale, a superb collection of double and single Hyacinths, Tulips, Anemones, Ranunculus, Amaryllis, Iris, Lilies, and other Bulbous Roots, imported direct from Holland, and selected expressly for our establishment. The Hyacinths are of the first order and finest named kinds, warranted true to name and color, very large bulbs, and the finest assortment ever offered for sale in Philadelphia, and in every way superior to the common Dutch Bulbs sold at auction every fall. The Hyacinths are the same splendid kinds to which the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society awarded the premium for blooms flowered in glasses in February last.
With a full and general assortment of Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds, warranted, and our own growth assortments adapted to every climate, put up at the shortest notice, whether large or small. Rohan Potatoes, Chinese Tree Corn, &c. at our Horticultural warehouse, No. 97 Chesnut street, above Third street.
oct 12—tf HIRST & DREER.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS!
Small Change Notes,
For Banks, Corporations, Issues, Loans, Public Institutions, Merchants, Manufacturers, and others—from splendid Steel Plates
IN the suspension of 1837, the subscriber furnished to numerous corporations and public bodies all their issues of small change notes, and he has now prepared himself with a large variety of entirely new steel plates, of various patterns, engraved in the highest style, and making imitation almost impossible. The designs are beautiful in the extreme, and the whole execution of the plates such as to adapt them expressly for issues of scrip, where the amount to be issued is so small as to render the cost of a private engraving too high. By using these plates, the consumer has all the benefit of the fine engraving, without being at any of the expense, as the filling up of the notes can be changed in any way that may be desired. The price, too, on superior bank note paper, is moderate; the despatch in executing an order is very great, no matter how large a quantity or how great a variety may be required, a messenger sent to this city for the purpose will be detained but a short time. These plates are made for my exclusive use: impressions from them, or duplicates, cannot therefore be obtained elsewhere.—Notes can be printed from them of all denominations, from FIVE CENTS up to FIVE DOLLARS, or even higher, if required.
Particular attention is invited to these notes: their execution exhibits the most finished effect of the graver associated with the economy of typography—thus producing a bill of great beauty, and secure from the most ingenious attempts of fraud; since it is a fact, that however perfectly engravings may be imitated it is impossible to copy letter press printing on a plate with even tolerable accuracy. This peculiarity is sufficient of itself to establish their importance to all issuers.
In addition to the above I can furnish notes of all denominations, from Xylographic plates, also engraved in my own establishment. They cost less than the steel plate notes, but are not so elegant nor safe; yet they have been found to answer a very valuable purpose. They can be printed in red, green, blue or black.
Having expended several thousand dollars in engraving plates, and preparing myself to supply the public throughout the United States during the present suspension, I can now execute all orders for notes in a very superior manner and with a promptitude which entitles this office to the notice of the business doing public. Every exertion will be made to execute and send off promptly orders from a distance. EDMUND [illegible] HARRIS.
No. 45 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.
October, 1839. oct 26—tf

A HINT TO TAILORS.
IT is a well known fact that a majority of the handsomest fitting coats which we now see [illegible] owe their grace and proportions to the improvements brought about by Ward's scientific principles of Garment Cutting. Those Tailors who subscribe to the improvements in cutting published by A. & A. F. Ward, Bedford & Co. seem to possess a striking advantage over some, whose prejudice or avarice deprive them of the advantages of the work.
nov 6—tf A CUSTOMER.

SLEEPER & BROTHERS,
(Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.)
No. 116 Market Street, Philadelphia.
EXTENSIVE
MANUFACTURERS
OF SILK, GINGHAM AND COTTON
UMBRELLAS,
PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS.
Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well and as low as any house in this market, not excepting the self styled "CHEAPEST," or any other.
Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling. jan 19—tf

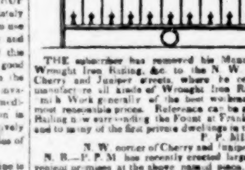
LEATHER STORE.
THE subscriber having this day taken his nephew, Wm. W. Hendry, into partnership, the business will be conducted hereafter under the firm of Chambers & Hendry, at the old stand 67 Chesnut street, where will be kept constantly on hand, a general assortment of Finished Leather, consisting of Calf, Morocco, lining, binding, Sheep, Hog and Buck skins, Bag, Linings, japan and Chaise Hides, Harness, Bridle, Skirting, Band, Upper, Book-binders and Sole Leather.
ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.
Philadelphia, January 1st, 1839. jan 5 '39—1y

RAND'S WRITING ACADEMY,
No. 106 South Ninth Street.
THE classes are arranged at various hours, from 7 in the morning till 9 in the evening.
For sale, as above, wholesale and retail—
The American Penman;
Rand's Introduction, in eight parts;
Do. System, with instructions;
Do. do. abridged;
Do. Plain Book;
Do. Alphabetical Copies;
Do. Ornamental do.
Orders from any part of the United States will receive prompt attention. my 16—tf

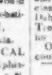
SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY.
South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

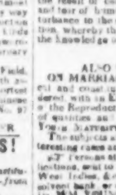
THE subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing prices.
Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.
☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '34—tf R. & W. WILSON.

WORMS, WORMS, WORMS.
TO remove those troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the Stomach and Bowels, which so often impair the health and destroy the lives of children, use Dr. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of Worms, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Infantile Fever and Ague, and debility of the Stomach and Bowels and organs of digestion. To be had at No. 20 South THIRD street Philadelphia. au 20—tf

PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL IRON RAILING.

THE subscriber has removed his Manufactory of Wrought Iron Railing, &c. to the N. W. corner of Cherry and Juniper streets, where he continues to manufacture all kinds of Wrought Iron Railings and Smith Work generally of the best workmanship, and most reasonable prices. Reference can be given to the Railing now surrounding the Forest of Franklin Square, and to many of the first private dwellings in the city.
P. P. MINGUS,
N. W. corner of Cherry and Juniper streets.
N. B.—P. P. M. has recently erected large and convenient premises at the above named place, and by the help of the Steam Engine is enabled to execute orders of any magnitude from any part of the United States at the shortest possible notice. sep 14—3m

FARM FOR SALE.
THE subscribers invite all persons wanting a first rate Farm to call at their office, where they will be shown them a draft and description of what they consider the most productive and best improved Farm in the best neighborhood, and having the most conveniences of any other in the vicinity of Philadelphia.
Said Farm contains about 85 acres, situate in Byberry Township, Philadelphia county, on the public road from Philadelphia to Attleboro', about twelve miles from the former, and six from the latter. The out dings are large, and substantial fences in complete repair, and altogether is worthy the attention either of the merchant or mechanic, who wishes a retirement from his labors, or of the farmer who expects still to labor, and looks to the exuberance of his crops as a compensation.
TOWNSEND & FOTT's Conveyancers,
N. E. corner 7th and Spring Garden streets, Phila.
nov 2—4t

LINDEN AND OTHER TREES.

WM. PRINCE & SON, at Flushing near New York, have about 10,000 superior Linden Trees, of large size, and at moderate prices. Also, the Silver Leafed Abele, Elms of various kinds, Chinese Ailanthus, Horse Chesnut, and all the other usual kinds of ornamental Trees and Shrubs, of large size. Fruit trees of all the various classes. Green House Plants, Bulbous Flower Roots, Dahlias, &c. A great stock of the choicest Mulberry Trees, and also Garden and Agricultural Seeds. Two hundred bushels of the most rare Rohan Potatoes.
Orders per mail will meet attention, and a liberal discount allowed for prompt payment. nov 2—4t

JUST PUBLISHED.
Pocket Æsculapius, or every one his own Physician.

BEING practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a copious Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their Functions, together with remarks on the more probable causes of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added,
A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the Author, and sold at No 31 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Booksellers generally.
"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Doctor Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*
A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest urethral disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE.
ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR.
ON MARRIAGE—its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purpose of the Reproductive System; the hereditary transmission of qualities and the accidents and infirmities incident to Youth, Maturity and Old Age.
The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.
☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications, sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by inclosing a one dollar note in the solvent bank or write post paid for five dollars, addressed Dr. WM YOUNG Philadelphia. au 31—1y

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.
Ryman's Celebrated Rheumatic Specific.
THIS medicine the few years it has been before the public has gained a celebrity seldom, if ever equalled. For the cure of Rheumatism, Sweeny or Paralysis, Sprains, Bruises, Pains of the back and limbs Quinsy, Sore Throat, Mumps, Hoarseness, Croup, Frost bites, and in fact for every purpose a Liniment may be required for—And to Farriers it is of vast importance, for Sweeny, Sprains, Swellings and Flesh Wounds especially it is unrivalled. Scores of certificates might be adduced, but those which attend each label around the medicine is thought sufficient, as a fair trial will always recommend it. We are gratified to be able to state to the public, that an agency has just been established with Charles B. Lenn, Henry Trott & Co's Drug store, No. [illegible] Market street, Philadelphia, for the wholesale and retail of the above valuable medicine. We recommend the afflicted to call and give it a trial.
It is prepared and sold wholesale and retail by C. G. Ryman, the sole proprietor at his drug store, MILESBURG, Centre county, Pa. and may be had retail in almost every village in the country. aug 17 6m

JACOB SCHNEFF,

NO 168 North Second street, between Race and Vine street, Philadelphia, opposite the sign of the Camel—Manufacturer of Brass, Steel and Cane Reeds and Heddles or harness of all kinds. He also keeps for sale all articles used by manufacturers, all of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and sold at reasonable prices, viz:—
Machines and all descriptions, (both Sheet and Fillet) Cards, Comb Plate, Belt Picker and Lace Leather, Sheep and Calf Roller Skins, Press Paper, Pickers, Roller Cloths, Twilled Linsey and Kentucky Jean Warps, Heald Yarn, Linen and Cotton Carpet Chain, of all colors, Coverlet and Blue and White Cotton Yarn, &c. &c. oct 19—tf

Infirmary for the Treatment of Scrofula
And Diseases of the Skin.
NO. 55 North Sixth street, above Arch, Philadelphia.
PHYSICIAN O. H. PARTRIDGE M. D.
References.—J. C. Warren, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Boston, Mass.
W. Parker, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Cincinnati, Ohio.
PHILADELPHIA.
H. Bond, M. D. | R. S. Janey, M. D.
J. Clapp, M. D. | H. Chase, M. D.
E. Coates, M. D. | S. S. Fisher, M. D.
Office hours 9 o'clock, A. M. 1 o'clock, P. M. and 7 in the evening.
☞ Persons from a distance wishing medical advice by writing correct descriptions of their cases, and enclosing a fee—letters post paid—shall receive prompt attention by advice and prescription. oct 26—6m